

# The TATLER

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London, January 6, 1932

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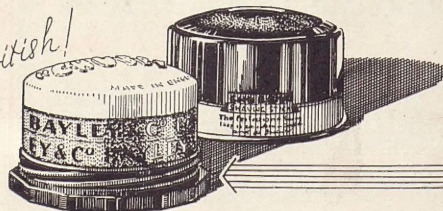


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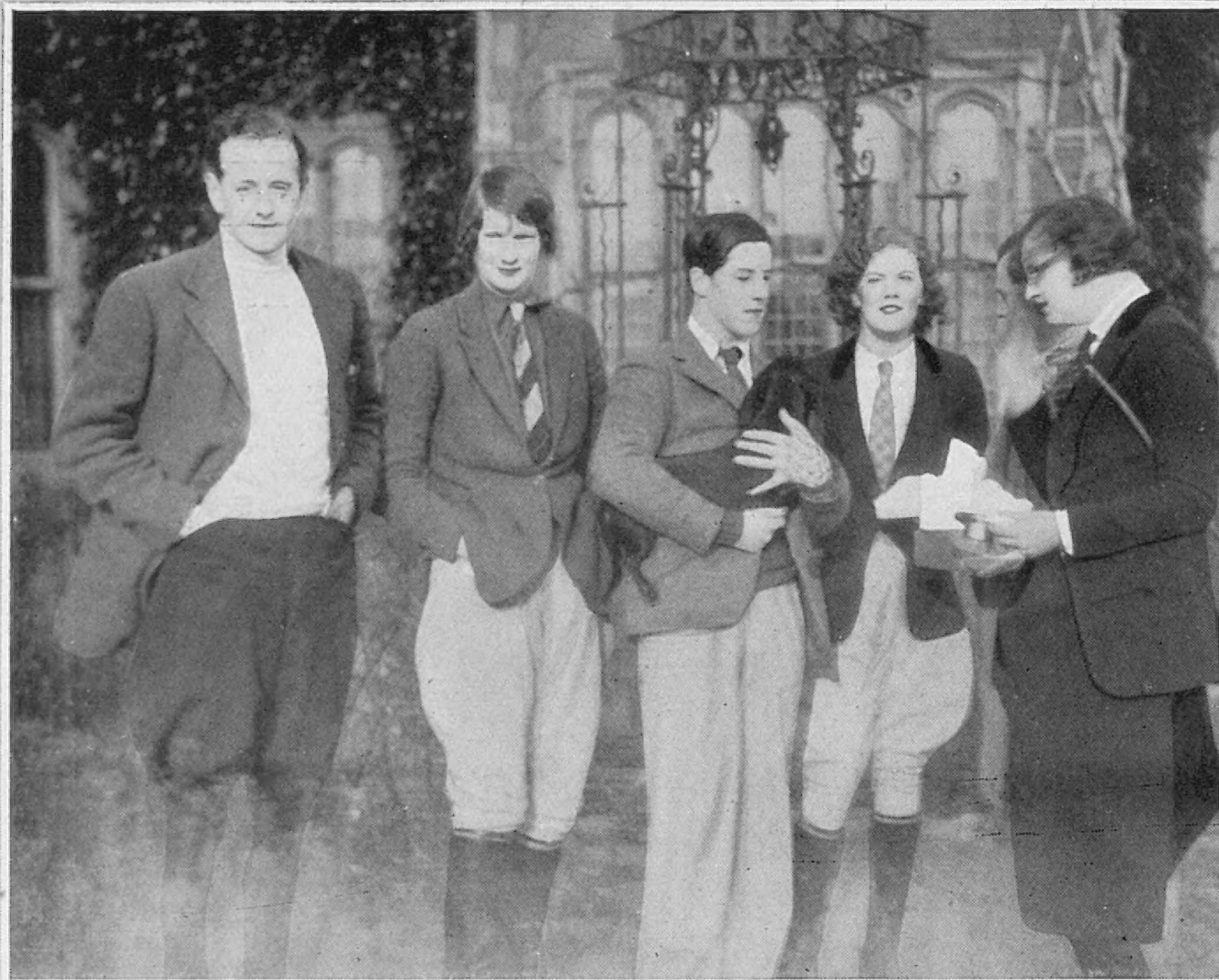
LADY PAMELA SMITH

*Yevonde, Victoria Street*

The younger daughter of the late Earl of Birkenhead, and sister of the present Peer. Lady Pamela Smith comes out next season, and will set fellow débutantes a very high standard as regards looks, intelligence, and *savoir faire*. She has already had a certain amount of experience of social doings, and has been a familiar figure at Cowes ever since she was quite a little girl. Lady Pamela's elder sister, Lady Eleanor Smith, holds the distinction of having written two successive "best sellers," "The Red Waggon" and "Flamenco"



# The Letters of Eve



A GATHERING AT MADRESFIELD COURT

From left to right: The Hon. Hugh Lygon, Lady Sibell Lygon, the Hon. Hamish St. Clair-Erskine (with "Otto"), Lady Mary Lygon, and Lady Dorothy Lygon at the Beauchamp "stately home" in Worcestershire, where there were tremendous merry makings at Christmas time. Hunting with the Croome was one of the many and various activities indulged in

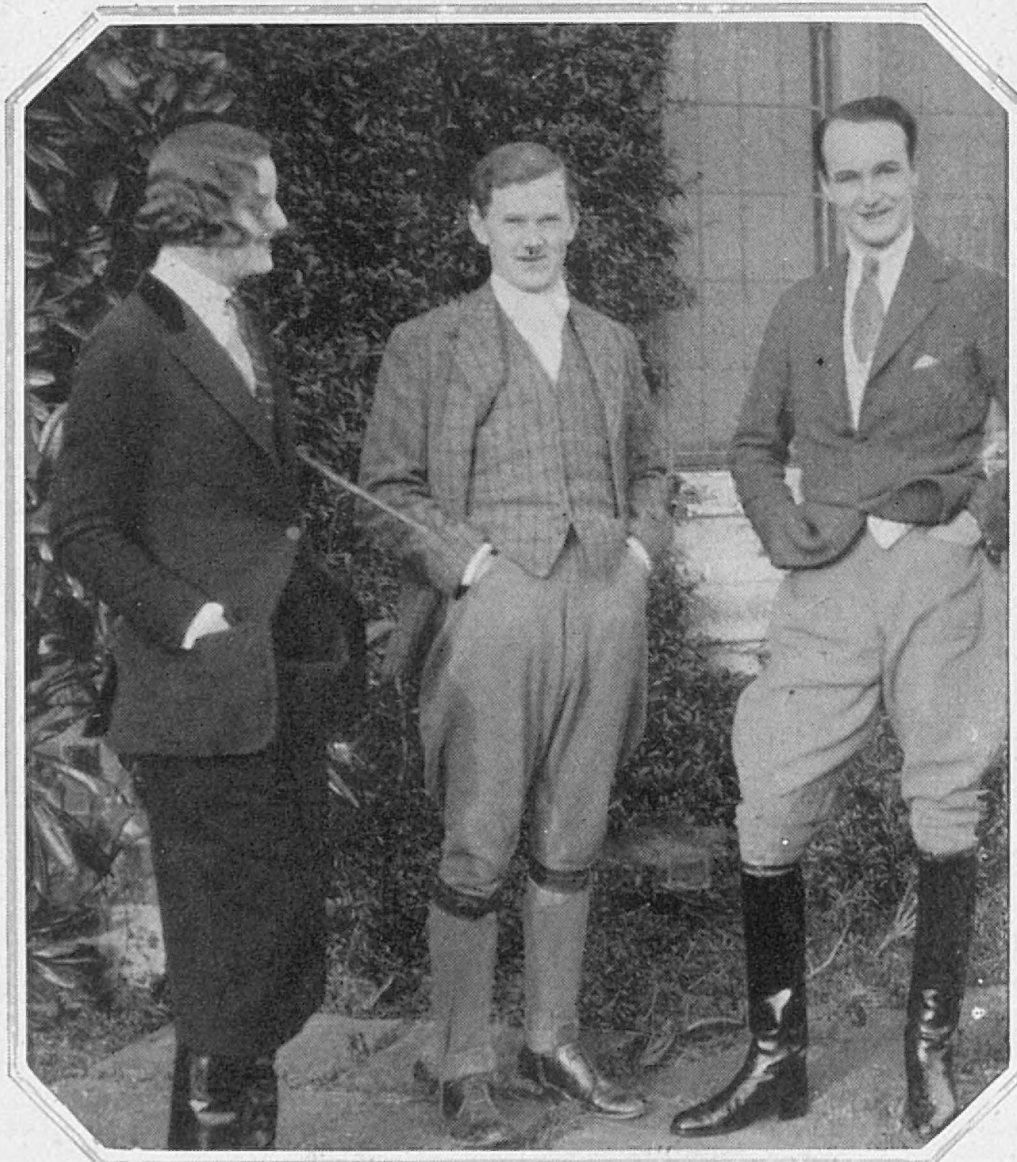
GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

I SEEM to have collected very little this week, my dove, beyond a series of stories too rude to pass on. Perhaps New Year resolutions have something to do with it, but we certainly seem to be leading dullish lives just now.

However one must sometimes eat, and lunching at the Ritz is quite an amusing way of finding out who is back in London. When I was there the other day Lady Eleanor Smith's little red hat was the first to catch my eye. It had a cheeky feather, rather like a quill pen, standing boldly up at the back, and quite a Dick Whittington effect. The Duchess of Westminster was topped up much in the same manner, but her choice was black.

Hats are undoubtedly getting quainter and quainter. Lovely Mrs. Armstrong-Jones, who was lunching at a nearby table with Mr. Randolph Churchill, was wearing a sort of velvet Highland bonnet clapped on to the side of her head. I don't know why it is, but she always reminds me of a sweet little tortoise-shell kitten.

Lord Wimborne was eating in solitary state for once, but I saw those devoted sisters, Lady



LADY DOROTHY LYGON, MR. EVELYN WAUGH, AND MR. HUBERT DUGGAN, M.P.

Another group taken at Madresfield Court. Mr. Evelyn Waugh's witty and satirical pen has been very busy again just lately, and the result is awaited with some eagerness. Mr. Duggan, Lady Curzon of Kedleston's son, won the Acton division of Middlesex for the National Party at the General Election



LADY FIONA FULLER AND MISS FULLER

Photographed at Newbury Steeplechases last week. Sir Gerard Fuller's very engaging wife was formerly Lady Fiona Pratt. Their marriage took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on July 20, 1931. Miss Fuller is the youngest of Sir Gerard's four sisters

Hillingdon and Lady Stanley, together as usual, and, also as usual, neatly tailored; I really think if they became "frilly" the Jockey Club stands on all our principal race-courses would collapse.

\* \* \*

Lots more interesting people wandered in and out of the Ritz that day. One observed Mr. Eddy Grant, who has been ill with sinus trouble; also that particularly attractive couple, the Geoffrey Toyes. You remember, she was Doris Lytton, and she is always agreeably easy to look at besides being that *rara avis*—a born cook. Oh the excellence of the food in her house!

Her brother-in-law is Francis Toye, the well-known musical critic. He looks like a well-nourished cherub, though he can produce a very sharp and biting wit at times. But then appearances are really so deceptive. Who would think, for instance, that Mrs. James Beck with her "little-girl" effect had been three times married and was the mother of six children—all as beautiful as herself? She didn't look a day older than seventeen when I saw her dining at Quaglino's the other night.

\* \* \*

Talking of eating places, I've just heard an amusing story which has the additional merit of being perfectly true. A certain restaurant



not far from St. James's Street is losing most of its clientèle to another of the same type, opened by its former head-waiter, in a neighbouring street. When this was commented on by a friend of mine the one-time head-waiter, now very prosperous, replied indignantly, "Yes, yes, my boss he pinch my brother's wife, so now I pinch his business" (only the word he used was far more potent than "pinch.") Poetic justice, I suppose, and I wonder if the wife was worth it.

\* \* \*

News of Christmas week festivities in the country still comes dribbling in. For instance I hear good accounts of Sir Henry and Lady Albertha Lopes' dance at Maristow near Plymouth. It's more or less an annual fixture, and always fun, but this year everyone was slightly gloomed by the absence of Miss Constance Lopes. She, poor thing, had met a Metropolitan microbe of a fluish nature and consequently had to lie low in London. However, there was Miss Theodora Benson to look at. An engaging person, don't you agree? And people who think for themselves are so rare and refreshing. I've just read her entertaining new book, "Which Way?" and would like to suggest as a tailpiece the immortal remark of one of Belcher's ladies—"It's better to be single when you've got over the shame of it."

And people who think for themselves are so rare and refreshing. I've just read her entertaining new book, "Which Way?" and would like to suggest as a tailpiece the immortal remark of one of Belcher's ladies—"It's better to be single when you've got over the shame of it."



ALSO AT HOME CASTLE

Mrs. Douglas Ramsay, with Miss Ruth Ritchie, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Ritchie's daughter, and Miss "Bimbo" Warren. Mrs. Ramsay is Lord Beaverbrook's sister. Her husband owns Bowland, a beautiful place near Galashiels

But to return to Maristow. Miss Vanda Vivian, it appears, had something of a success with Mr. Guinness, a brother officer of the very delightful son of the house, Mr. Massey Lopes. Then there were the Jack Molesworth St.-Aubyns down from Hertfordshire. He, of course, is a Cornishman, being the son of Sir Hugh Molesworth St.-Aubyn of Pencarrow, and she, very gay and attractive, is Lady Aline Vivian's daughter.

Captain and Mrs. Coryton came with Captain and Mrs. des Graz. Cheshire used to know the latter well as Miss Rhona Lloyd-Mostyn. She is now more or less captive in Plymouth, where her husband's battalion of the Rifle Brigade is stationed.

The Army was further represented by Major Otter (who is second in command of the Norfolks down there) and his witty wife, grand company, I understand, on any and every occasion.

Just one more snippet of information from the West country. How do you suppose Admiral Sir Hubert Brand employed himself on December 25? By playing mixed soccer in the afternoon and "Murders" at midnight! Not bad for a C.-in-C. I'm told he was just about the star leg-puller in the Navy in his junior days and he must be rather fun now, don't you think?



LIEUT.-COLONEL AND MRS. REYNOLDS

At a meet of the Berwickshire at Home Castle, a magnificent Border Keep ruin near Galashiels. Colonel G. F. Reynolds is O.C. the 9th Lancers at Redford Barracks. His wife is a Canadian

Lord and Lady Munster left for the west of Ireland last week to stay with the Oranmore and Brownes at Castle Macgarrett, where several members of the Plunket clan had gathered to meet them.

On the other hand, Miss Betty Rumbold has just come to London, and hopes to be with us for some time, always supposing that she is a success as a seller of Hanover Square hats. I expect North Berwick, her home preserve, is selfishly hoping she won't be, since its supply of pretty girls is now rather limited, having been heavily reduced by the marriage of Miss Rosemary Hope-Vere last year. Miss Rumbold went to Berlin not long ago to stay with "Uncle Horace," and they tell me she made an appreciable stir in Ambassadors' circles.

Chelsea signals the arrival, not in a two-seater as you might imagine, but in a series of pantechmions, of the New Party from Smith Square. To put it more tersely, Sir Oswald and Lady Cynthia Mosley have gone to live in Milner Street.

Perhaps one or both think that a residential qualification is the first step towards joining the elect, but I don't fancy Sir Samuel Hoare will find it necessary to take action.

As you know, ski-fever has spread to Scotland in the absence of any outlet in Switzerland. All good luck to the "British Winter Sports Season" at Ballater and Braemar, where skiing and skating clubs have been successfully started. Snow, of the real picture post-card variety, has now been produced by patriotic British skies, so both places ought to be able to "deliver the goods" successfully.



Truman Howell

WITH THE WYNNSTAY

Mrs. Watkin Williams-Wynn and her daughters, Miss Margaret and Miss Brownen Williams-Wynn, with Captain Bulkeley at a meet of Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn's Hounds at his home, Wynnstay, near Ruabon. Mrs. Williams-Wynn is Sir Watkin's daughter-in-law



## THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

Everyone in Aberdeenshire is delighted to hear that Miss Peggy Sempill is better after her motor accident. She is pretty and very popular. The Sempill home, Craigievar, is one of the



IN COUNTY WEXFORD

The Hon. Patrick Wingfield (right) with Mr. Francis at a meet of the Killinick Harriers at Bridge of Scar. Mr. Wingfield is Lord Powerscourt's only son. He used to be in the 8th Hussars

Barclay Harveys at Dinnet and Lady Burne of Leys Castle are also adjacent to this new winter sportiveness.

People on Don-side have rival snow slopes, and there, too, the fun is fast and furious. The Forbes family is a great feature of that locality, though gone are the glories of Castle Newe, it having been razed to the ground and sold piece-meal. A veritable tragedy, but what can one do in these hard days?

Lady Forbes and her daughters are now living in what used to be the laundry. She is a marvellous and indomitable woman taking things as they come in the best possible spirit. And I'm told that the garden she is creating round her new habitation already looks as if it had been established for years. How lovely to have such a "green thumb."

Went to the Café de Paris on Wednesday night and was rewarded by the sight of Sir Ian Malcolm's good-looking son, Angus, dancing repeatedly with Miss Jeanne Stourton, who grows more like Miss Margaret Whigham every day.

She is a "collateral" you know of Lord Mowbray, Segrave, and Stourton, who claims to be

the oldest and loveliest in Scotland, and reminds one of a Pryde picture. Locally known as the "Castle with only one door," it has a winding staircase so narrow, that the one bath in the house had to be got in through a window. In spite of this slight drawback, Lady Sempill has made the house most comfortable as well as very good to look at. As an airman, her eldest son is, of course, at the highest altitude.

To return to the incipient ski-mozzleing in the North, everyone expects that all the available social lights will join in the sport. Lady Maud Carnegie and her husband are well above the snow line at Elswick; the

the Premier Baron of England. Another of his distinctions is a detestation of motor-cars, and the story goes that the drive at Allerton Park is kept perpetually rough on purpose to dissuade these monsters from approaching!

The Academy Cinema is more broad-minded than most. I decided that another look at "Le Million" wouldn't be a bad idea, so entered its portals and settled down for a little serious star-gazing.

Curious, thought I to myself, how very clearly that barking is reproduced, but it's odd that no four-legged perpetrator should be visible. Then I realized that the sound came from the audience instead of the screen, and, looking round, saw that Miss Gabrielle Jackson's rather hot dog was the cause of the disturbance. So now you know where to take yours, should he happen to be a film fan. Miss Jackson told me they'd been dining at Dogliani's; I suppose I ought to have guessed it.

The rise of patriotic feeling and the fall of the pound have combined to give the Riviera a reverse this winter, as far as Britons are concerned. But those who "belong" are happily enjoying the sun and general warmth to be found round and about Monte Carlo. One of them writes to tell me of the goings-on there. Mlle. Gabrielle Chanel has a large and cheery house-party in her lovely villa at Roquebrune, including such beauty and talent as the Comtesse de Grammont, Comte and Comtesse de Beaumont, Baron Panzy, and the famous artist, M. Driand.

Lady de Frece was viewed at the Café de Paris, looking well and chic as usual; Sir Francis and Lady Towle are also in Monte Carlo, and Lady Abdy, tall, fair, and of course in thoroughly original clothes. You know she has just got engaged, and it suits her. Mrs. Lewisohn, who has quite rightly never got over being Edna May, is at Cap Ferrat in Lady Hadfield's lovely villa. The Michael Arlens are at Cannes, but he is to be found most days on the golf course at Mougins where the Aga Khan is also a regular performer, and goes a good gallop on his rounds, playing splendid golf the while.

What a night we had of it ushering in the New Year at the Savoy. I think everyone felt—"Well, dash it, no one knows what's going to happen; let's make the most of one good evening."

The Fun Fair which they had last year for Charing Cross Hospital was such a "wow" that it was encored in an even better and certainly bigger form.

For instance, the blasts of air aimed at the unsuspecting through concealed gratings had been brought up to regular gale force, the better to compete with the long frocks—and,

mydear, the ballooning and what not that went on! Then it seemed as if all the crockery in London had been collected for us to smash, and oh the glorious satisfaction of doing so. I can't think how they ever cleared the mountains of broken bits away. The Maharajah of Kutch found this particular side-show the most fascinating of all, and his motto evidently was: "If at first you don't succeed, shy, shy, shy again."

Lots more items I should tell you about, and the arrival of 1932 under escort of Guards and Beefeaters, deserves a paragraph to itself, but space presses and you'll want a few names. Among hundreds and hundreds I'll pick out Constance Duchess of Westminster and her husband, Captain Lewis, Lord Suffield (in rare fettle), Lord Tweedmouth (ditto). Then the Duchess of Sutherland had a big party, and Sir Alan and Lady Cobham were well to the fore too, while Sir Richard Cooper merits a special word for being so very good to the collecting boxes.—EVER EVE.



A BELVOIR CASTLE PARTY

Howard Barrett

Lord Elcho, Lady Isobel Manners, Lord Granby, Lady Violet Benson, and Lady Ursula Manners at Harlaxton, Mr. Pearson Gregory's vast house near Grantham, where the Duke of Rutland's Hounds met on a cold and frosty morning last week



## AROUND THE THEATRES



*Dorothy Whiting*  
MISS DOROTHY DICKSON AS "DICK WHITTINGTON"

This page concerns people who are materially contributing to London's New Year entertainment. Miss Dorothy Dickson is seen in quite a new guise, having adventured into pantomime. That she has made an enormous success of it is obvious to anyone who goes to the Garrick to watch her gay and gallant playing of the title rôle in "Dick Whittington," and she is undoubtedly prettier than ever. Miss Gertrude Lawrence, ably supported by Mr. Ian Hunter, has made another hit in "Can the Leopard . . . ?" Mr. Ronald Jeans' comedy at the Haymarket, which was fully dealt with by "Trinculo" in last week's issue of this paper. The third picture was taken at the Lyceum and shows Miss Constance Carpenter as Cinderella, Miss Kitty Reidy as Prince Charming, and that supremely funny couple, Naughton and Gold, as the Broker's Men. This year's Lyceum pantomime is far too good to miss

(On right)—A  
SCENE FROM  
THE LYCEUM  
PANTOMIME,  
"CINDERELLA":  
MISS  
CONSTANCE  
CARPENTER,  
MISS KITTY  
REIDY, AND  
NAUGHTON AND  
GOLD



*Stage Photo Co.*  
MISS GERTRUDE LAWRENCE AND MR. IAN HUNTER



*Stage Photo Co.*



# The Cinema : "Five Star Final"

By JAMES AGATE

IT is an unwritten law of the theatre that plays must not deal realistically or in any way other than sentimentally with institutions which the public is accustomed to regard sentimentally. Up till about 1880 marriage bells were marriage bells and that was that, or rather those were those. Two people who had contracted marriage were supposed to have contracted it fatally like a disease, and a play could only be monstrous which showed either contracting party as cherishing desire towards any but the other contracting party till death did them part. Chorus girls were either naughty or good; they could not be both. But the film, while appealing to a less sophisticated audience than the theatre, strangely enough took a more sophisticated view. It showed us marriage as the point where divergence begins, and unison as the only soil in which dissension may be shown. It showed us the chorus-girl pouring into her mother's lap the pocket-money obtained from sitting on the lap of her sugar-daddy. Plays which have dealt with the back of the stage and dealt sincerely have always been failures, whereas films which have done the same thing have invariably been successes. Here an explanation

occurs to me which the reader may accept or reject according as he likes or dislikes irony. In the previous sentence I used the phrase "dealt sincerely" by which I meant showing the gingerbread without the gilt, and how that which on one side of the curtain is all glamour, on the other side is jealousy, recrimination and drudgery. Now transfer the scene to America since, of course, all English chorus-girls are moral. Your American film shows the American chorus-girl as a hussy, vulgar of heart and common of mind. This is where the irony comes in. Show this in the English theatre and the English theatre will not have it because it is too ugly. Therefore the English theatre will not show it. But show it in the films and the English film audiences dote upon it because that is the film-audience's idea of what a film should be. Whence the success in this country of back-stage films.

But human nature can be more complicated still, an example of which is provided by that really magnificent film at the Carlton, *Five Star Final*. Here is a ruthless exposure of gutter journalism at its very worst, and we find the audience indulging with complete equanimity in two delights at once, the delight of the exposure and the delight in the thing exposed. The average person, you see, is able to enjoy the revolting details of a murder, always provided that the person murdered was young, good-looking, and a female. Indeed it is not so long ago that I found myself reading a fascinating account of the discovery of the body of an "attractive" young woman and of which the head was missing! I confess I couldn't help wondering what had prompted the reporter to the word "attractive." I invariably read every word of every murder trial in the country, and am perfectly capable towards the end and, as the excitement increases, of skimming the events of that day's trial in the "News," perusing them soberly in "The Standard," and ending up with "The Star" to see if anything more can be gleaned. The world cannot contain any news which in the order of reading I should put before a murder trial. If an earthquake were to pile Bolivia upon Peru, if a tidal wave swamped the West Indies, if a typhoon destroyed Tiflis, even if Mr. Izzy Schumpfalstein, the well-known British film-magnate, turned honest—none of these

would take precedence over the vital question as to whether Mrs. Megan Evans-Morgan-Jones, of Nantygwch, had access to that weedkiller. I have admirable sanction for this. Did not Jane Austen stoutly affirm that she cared less about the Battle of Trafalgar than about Marianne Dashwood's twisted ankle, that she cared nothing at all about the death of Sir John Moore, and would not dream of reading Southey's "Life of Nelson" unless her sailor-brother was mentioned in it? At the same time I regard Jane's taste and mine as wholly low. It is to be presumed that newspaper editors are like that in so far as they are capable of having two minds about anything and everything. Thus the business mind of an editor will make him insist that his reporters shall succulently report all the more loathsome details of a crime, while the spiritual side of him will burgeon forth in a leader regretting the need for such publicity. He may even combine both attitudes in a sentence and cheerily inform us, say, that it is September, and that while the Crumbles are dripping with blood everywhere else the brambles are dripping with dew.

Apparently your low-class English editor cannot get as low as the American, largely because he is more stupid. Your English editor does not see that there is anything contradictory between his revolting news column and his idyllic leader; he is a simple fellow in whose mental make-up both things exist. A thing which everybody must deplore has got to be described and that's all there is to it! But though dealing faithfully with filth as and when it occurs he will not, I think, create that filth in order that the reporting of it shall send up his sales. That is where *Five Star Final* points to something worse in America than anything we can boast over here. Our low rags would be perfectly prepared to make the most of a Nancy Voorhees Case as and when it happened. But the lowest of them would not dig it up again twenty years after. Nor, I think, is there any parallel even in the English gutter press with Isopod, the bogus



IN "HUSBAND'S HOLIDAY": CLIVE BROOK AND ADRIENNE AMES

Perhaps the best known player of the "strong, silent," and usually virtuous type on the screen, Clive Brook was prominent in British films until a lucrative offer lured him to the States, where he is tremendously popular. "Husband's Holiday" is his latest Paramount Picture, and, according to report, his next appearance is to be opposite Marlene Dietrich

muck-raking parson. It is improbable that these niceties of distinction will be in the minds of Carlton audiences, all of which I think will be carried away with the vigour, force, and speed of that very fine production which has not a word too few or a gesture too many. To me it was particularly interesting to compare this film with the play as it was acted over here. Mr. Edward G. Robinson is a magnificently vital actor. But he does not quite convince me, as Mr. Raymond Massey so subtly did, of his editor's essential fineness of grain, his possession of that ultimate streak of decency which makes him throw up his job. Nevertheless it is a fine piece of acting and Mr. Robinson has us all with him when at the end he hurls that telephone through the glass-door of his proprietor's office. I prefer Miss Frances Starr's performance as Nancy Voorhees to that of Miss Louise Hampton if only for the reason that not in any flight of fancy do I see the English actress as an ex-chorus girl deceived or undecieved. On the other hand I thought the young people better played in the play at the Phoenix, as against which must be set the brilliant acting in the film of whoever it is that plays the editor's secretary. But these distinctions do not matter very greatly. What does matter is that *Five Star Final* at the Carlton Theatre is a grand hour-and-a-half of exciting film.



# EARL FITZWILLIAM'S SHOOT



LORD GEORGE DUNDAS, LADY DONATIA GETHING, LADY GEORGE DUNDAS, AND LADY JOAN PHILIPPS AT WENTWORTH WOODHOUSE



MR. W. PEACOCK AND LORD MILTON, WHO CAME OF AGE JUST AFTER CHRISTMAS



THE HON. JACK MITFORD AND LADY HELENA FITZWILLIAM



READY AND WAITING: LORD FREDERICK CAMBRIDGE



THE HON. MRS. FITZALAN-HOWARD KEEPS COLONEL PILCHER COMPANY

The covert shoot held at Wentworth Woodhouse shortly after Christmas formed part of the celebrations in honour of the coming of age of Lord Milton, Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam's only son, the actual date of which was December 31. The house-party was, naturally, largely a family one. Lady Donatia Gething and Lady Joan Philipps are two of Lord Milton's married sisters, and Lady Helena Fitzwilliam is next in age to himself. Lord George Dundas, who belongs to the select band of trainers at racing H.Q., is a brother of Lady Fitzwilliam, and the Hon. Jack Mitford has the same relationship to Lord Redesdale. The Marquess of Cambridge's only brother, Lord Frederick Cambridge, is an exceedingly popular person, and the Hon. Mrs. Fitzalan-Howard, who was Miss Joyce Langdale before her marriage, is entertaining too. Colonel Pilcher commands the 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards





MRS. J. E. AIKEN AND COLONEL RENNIE

Eric Guy

At a meet of the Old Berks at Longworth Manor. Mrs. Aiken, who always wears a pink coat to go hunting in, is a very noted figure with these hounds. Though she is seventy-three her heart is as young as ever, and she invariably rides in the ladies' race at the Old Berks Point-to-Point

#### From Leicestershire

A Happy New Year to everybody. A wish for prosperity our politicians have rendered out of the question, but let's hope for a continuance in 1932 of the sport which has been the only thing above par in 1931. The year finished up on a minor key with both the Quorn Masters being laid up at a moment's notice, and we wish them a speedy recovery. Accidents have been few, poor Charles' broken leg being a very ill wind which however became a zephyr by the time it reached Victor. "Priest" got a kick on the hip, and on being unfrocked burst a large blood-vessel which laid him up for a bit, otherwise casualties have been negligible.

The Quorn, on Monday, was lucky to be able to hunt in a fog which sent many straight home from the meet to the Embassy.

Only those not suffering from vertigo after six circuits of Tilton got away with the Cottesmore on Tuesday, and ran over most of the best of the Fernie country. Mountjoy Fane has started a "let out" business at Hollywell Stamford, and the lady on one of his hirelings was getting the right answer to the questions she asked it. Most of the field never saw hounds again.

On Wednesday the Belvoir had a nice morning hunt from Melfon Spinney in a ring, and a really fast twenty minutes from Freeby Wood to Stapleford in the evening. Hard that the lady from the neighbouring pack should be bothered with wire all the morning, and then be "thrown at (and over) a hedge," and miss the afternoon hunt.

Everybody sympathised with Geoff. on getting a nasty kick in the face which laid him out for a few days, and lamed his horse. The Press do seem to stick together, and if that's what they can write about him for an injury, what an obituary notice he'll get.

The Quorn had a really good old-fashioned hunt on Thursday from Gartree Hill in a big circle. The lady without a hat is thought to have abandoned it on purpose, being one of the experimental staff testing new methods of wind-sweeping the hair for the enterprising firm of Robert Douglas, 21, Old Bond Street. (Please quote this paper when ordering.)

The Belvoir finished the week in a blaze of glory with an eight-mile point on the Thursday, and two hunts in full view of the foot folk over the point-to-point course on the Saturday.

#### From the Fernie

Frost and fog having vanished hounds kept their appointment at Husbands Bosworth on Monday, much to the delight of the young people home for the Christmas vacation, who had a festive day. The Vigor's boys

## From the Shires and Provinces

bubbled over with joy. "Pam" Gillilan on her new pony, "Ginci" Wernher, and little Mary Edmonstone, the latter in canary yellow, were all keen to be amongst hounds again. One noticed Lady Harcourt conversing with Peaker at the meet; we have missed her from the field this season. The fox from Walton Holt had a good start, many of the field not realizing his premature departure. A slow hunt to Knaptoft gave minor thrills to those who were out to ride. "Breity" suffering from his recent fall was held in leash for this day against his inclination. A pleasant run by way of Bosworth Gorse to North Kilworth ended by our fox going to ground. Jack, *au pied*, was well wrapt up for the climate, or was it an Eskimo!

New Inn was our venue on Thursday, where a goodly company had forgathered. Young people were again in evidence. Mrs. Jack Murray Smith, hatless, was mounted for a bit until the saddle was claimed. Lady Milford Haven and Count Torby were motoring with Lady Zia Wernher and also covered some ground on foot when hounds ran their fox into a drain at Carlton and kept the field waiting in vain for his reappearance.

The Boxing Day meet at Harboro gave the holiday makers a good day in the open. The concrete streets kept many of the mounted away, joining in later at Langton Caudel. The Wernher children had their cousin, Lord Medina, riding with them. Sport was confined chiefly to Stanton Wood and the Caudel, a brace of foxes being accounted for during the day.

#### From the Beaufort

Everyone was very busy making plans during the week-end for skating and hockey matches, as we all felt at last winter had come, but Sunday afternoon told a very different tale and we were able to resume hunting on Monday at Highway Common, and with a good scent the dog pack provided a very useful day's sport over some of the best of the Vale and they were unlucky not to account for a fox.

Tuesday, Leighterton saw Tom with the mixed pack, his Grace doing F.M. Silk Wood soon provided several foxes, and after various circles we ran to Boldam, shortly to be run out of scent; a good hunt finished the day from Easton Grey via Garden Plantation and on to the Arboratum.

(Continued on p. 39)



Truman Howell

#### HAVING A DAY WITH THE WHEATLAND

Lady Elizabeth Murray and her brother, Lord Fincastle, at Morville. They and their parents, Lord and Lady Dunmore, spent Christmas at Willey Park, the Shropshire home of Lord and Lady Forester. Lady Elizabeth Murray was one of last season's debutantes



# A JUMP MEETING AND OTHER ACTIVITIES



AT CHELTENHAM 'CHASES: LADY AMY BIDDULPH AND CAPTAIN PATTERSON



MR. TONY BELLVILLE, MRS. KENNETH SHENNAN (centre) AND MISS DALY



MISS ELWES AND MR. D. GALE AT CHELTENHAM LAST WEEK



GUN DOG TRIALS IN HANTS: MR. J. KENT AND MRS. V. BEDOE-WILKINSON



BUSY IN BOND STREET: MISS NINA RATHBONE



MAJOR-GENERAL MAXWELL-SCOTT AND HIS DAUGHTERS, JANE (left) AND PATRICIA

Though contestants at the Cheltenham meeting found the going heavy, owing to early snow, the camera suffered no such let or hindrance and was able to pull off several good things, including the three pictures at the top of this page. Lady Amy Biddulph and her husband, the Hon. Michael Biddulph, live in the Ledbury country. Captain Eric Patterson hunts with the V.W.H. (Cricklade), and Mr. Tony Bellville, Mr. Frank Bellville's son, is well known with the Pytchley, as he and his wife have been living at Papillon Hall. When the Southern Counties' Gun-Dog League Spaniel Trials were held at Idsworth, Mrs. Bedoe-Wilkinson won a first with Michael of Silverlands and a third prize with Knob of Silverlands, the two dogs shown in the snapshot. Mr. J. Kent handled them. Miss Nina Rathbone is now working at the Hon. Mrs. Fred Cripps' select hairdressing establishment, and goes to business in a trim black frock with a lively leopard-skin jacket. Dumfries-shire and Northamptonshire know her well, as her people have houses in both these localities, as well as a flat in Mount Street. Major-General Maxwell-Scott, who is a direct descendant of Sir Walter Scott, was photographed at Abbotsford, his home near Melrose, when the Buccleuch met there recently. His two daughters, Miss Patricia and Miss Jane Maxwell-Scott both ride well for their age and go hunting with enthusiasm





MR. AUBREY HAMMOND AND COLONEL PLYMPTON

At "Max and Mr. Max," produced recently at the Vaudeville Theatre. Colonel Plympton enjoys the distinctions of being the husband of Kathleen O'Regan (who plays the only feminine rôle in this new comedy) and secretary to the Garrick Club. Mr. Hammond has achieved fame as a designer of theatrical décor

### The Creaking 'Sixties.

I ALWAYS feel so sorry for the man and woman who grow old without taking with them into the shadowy side of life the love of something or of someone other than their own comfort, other than their own selves. Old age can be so tragically lonely bereft of the knowledge that there is not someone or something for whom you are half-way essential. Wealth and position will always collect round them a certain semblance of friendship and affection, but though this may perhaps satisfy the less profound moments, something within the heart nevertheless whispers that it is only a mere semblance of the real thing after all. The heart has its intuitions which are rejected by the mind, or rather rejected by that wish which is the "father" to oh, so many comforting thoughts. "Of no real use to anybody" is a tragic *impasse* to which to come in the evening of our days. For old age, more than any other period in life, reflects back all that we have given—if we have given anything at all. If we have given nothing then there steals over the heart and mind a paralysis of failure. It is not enough then that we have great possessions. Great possessions are merely the end of one road. But life must need hack out a road further and further into the dim, silent years. Callousness and selfishness reap their own punishment when the harvest of life has to be garnered in the silent hours of the creaking 'sixties. And more than anything else callousness and selfishness breed the tragedy of loneliness. The selfish and the callous wonder then why nobody seems to care if they live or die when the time comes that they can give no more. They seldom realize that they have never given anything at all, or only those gifts which offered an immediate and perhaps a greater reward. They have never given anything to get nothing, and so a rubbish heap of Dead Sea fruit is their final portion. And another fact stands out in all the unrelated lessons of existence. It is the fact that the kind and generous and the unselfish never really seem to grow old. More than all the plastic surgery, the various nostrums of "eternal"

## With Silent Friends

By RICHARD KING

youthfulness, love remains ageless, retaining within its personal magnetism a quality of charm which defies all the increasing ugliness of growing old. Always I stand aghast before the woman who imagines that to remain young is merely a question of remaining girlish. Youthfulness is infinitely more than that. Nor is youth merely a question of the mind. After fifty the mind inevitably loses its elasticity. That is the sadness of one of Nature's many mournful laws. On the other hand, the heart—and by the heart I mean every one of those acts prompted by unselfishness, generosity, and love—not only gains in elasticity, but attains its fullest development in the years which bring understanding, toleration, and that pity for all less fortunate humanity which is the finer side of sexless love. And one of the saddest things in life is to watch the oft-times frantic efforts of elderly people to fill in the vacuum which in the days of their independence they called their heart. The unfruitful devotion to some church; the equally unfruitful determination to manage other people's affairs; the blind devotion to some pampered dog, are not the signs of a religion that means anything at all, or of an interest in the happiness and welfare of others, or even of a love of animals. They are merely a drug to cheat that lonely sense of uselessness which is so often, yet need never be, the haunting menace of growing old. Some old people do not even trouble to find a drug. They simply wallow in the satisfaction of their own immediate needs, growing cynical and bitter towards what they term their friends' ingratitude; living merely to while away the well-fed hours, of no use to anybody and inwardly unsatisfied by the stark dreariness of what is within themselves. I have scant sympathy for such as they. Like so many people they are simply sitting angry and embittered because love and affection do not come to them as by a letter through the post. They have never realized, nor probably will, they ever realize, that the only things worth having in life are the things which must be fought for and paid for by some kind of self-sacrifice. Merely to *take* is not enough. To give and go on giving, finding joy and something which, more than all else, can satisfy a need of the heart in the gift—this alone carries towards the dim twilight of growing old a more mellow sunshine than ever youth enjoyed. I care not how a man and woman be situated in the worldly sense, the heart can still find an outlet for the air it needs in order to live. The trouble with most of those who realize that they are lonely is that they will not seek an effort to make the sadness of their situation less desolate. They

ruminate upon their own woes, which they seldom realize will not grow less if they make no effort to fill in the vacant hours by some interest which has no immediate bearing on themselves. Better be bored doing something than bored doing nothing, at least nothing which is worth doing viewed from every possible aspect. I never wonder why hard-working mothers of the labouring classes retain a vitality which women in richer circumstances lose so easily in rolls of fat. Their work has only been lowly from the "exhibitionist" point of view. All the time, all through the days of their labouring, they have been *building*. And a life which has ceased to build something is a life which has come to an end. Happily there is no period in all existence which need force us to lay down our plans. Look at the blind and the crippled and the ill! They may not be earning their



ON BOXING DAY IN SHROPSHIRE

Truman Howell

The Hon. Mrs. Cecil Weld-Forester, Lady Forester, Lady Dunmore, and Lord Forester at Morville when the Wheatland met there. Mrs. Cecil Weld-Forester was Miss Priscilla Perrott before her marriage last summer. Her husband is Lord and Lady Forester's only son



# TO BE OR NOT TO BE

By GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.



"Is it a permanent job what your son's got?"

"Well it be permanent so far, but we don't know 'ow long its going to remain permanent"

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

own living, but what thousands and thousands among them are building up a spiritual edifice of courage and cheerfulness which is far more beautiful and more wonderful than any of the nation's monuments. Help them to build! The whole world is crying out for help. So far as the heart is concerned the door is never barred against its own ambitions. And if we are only trying to shoulder a modicum of another's burden we ourselves are not only building but building beautifully. And we are happy in our work. If you want to see the spirit of youth, the spirit of cheerfulness, that kind of radiant happiness which burns brightly in the "soul," you won't find it at even the most resplendent social gathering (in fact you will often find the reverse of these things), but you are more than likely to discover them in some hospital ward, or in some cottage of the very poor, or in the eyes of those who, giving of their time or of their strength, are building up happiness in the lives of those immediately around them.

### Making Friends with Life.

I sometimes think that half the charm of animals is that they so happily make friends with life. They are not always wanting something different, the something different usually signifying the impossible. They accept, making the best they can even of the unfortunate. Human beings, on the other hand, are always demanding a thing they call Happiness, though few of them can define what they mean by it. Being utterly inimical to their own lives they hate those who are trying, or who have come to terms with whatever Fate has brought them. Discipline is a thing they loathe. And yet the thing they call liberty is too often merely an excuse to inflict misery on those whose mental reactions are not as theirs. I doubt, for example, if general happiness be more prevalent in Russia to-day than it was under the old, tyrannical aristocratic régime. It is merely the exchange of one form of tyranny for another. A revolt against discipline is not to discover liberty; often only to achieve the greater persecution which springs from disorder. If, indeed, Shishkov's novel of Russian childhood, "Children of Darkness" (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.), is any true picture of even an obscure phase of recent Russian life it is sufficiently ghastly. Here you have a vivid, relentless account of a band of Russian children who, bereft of all mental, moral, or physical discipline, live largely by crime and glory in it. Yet what miserable little creatures they are! Leading miserable little lives. Old years before their time, yet without one iota of that sense of balance which comes to all of us in time who are not certified lunatics. It is a grim subject indeed, and the Russian novelist has treated it grimly; his narrative only enlivened here and there by humour reflecting the mischievousness of monkeys. If indeed there be bands of such children living lawlessly in Soviet Russia, then the end of Soviet Russia can be foreseen. There will presently arise a stratum of society which will possess all the attributes of brutes without any of those saving graces which make even savage animals akin to something wild and beautiful. But the novel is haunting in its stark reality, while as a psychological study of humanity glorying in the licence of its purely simian inheritance it is a moving and disquieting document, in spite of a certain

naïveté of treatment, due perhaps to translation. But what a bit of propaganda it is for the dire Victorian tradition for the handling of childhood!

### A "Thriller" in its Most Thrilling Sense.

Few authors can turn out a more exciting yarn than Mr. Harry Edmonds, and his latest thriller, "The Riddle of the Straits" (Ward Lock. 7s. 6d.), is among the best of its kind. The curtain is up in the first chapter, which is as it should be. It remains up all the time. There are no intervals. Full steam ahead from the moment when Bill Parslow, ex-captain in the Machine Gun Corps, boards a barge passing along a canal during one black November night. Mystery and adventure all mixed up together follow, making up a story which every boy will revel in, as will also his elders, if they have not yet lost their love of a really good yarn of derring-do, which

keeps one guessing all the time until the last great thrill of all brings a most exciting story to its close.

### A Dining-room Classic.

Let me give you its name first of all. It is "The Pleasures of the Table" (Nisbet. 6s.), written by Sir Francis Colchester-Wemyss, and it is one of the very best books of its kind that I have ever come across. So to speak, it strikes the "right attitude" at once. Those who can command the services of master chefs don't need cookery books. Their need is the need of those who, having a cook, more plain than good, wish to reverse those qualifications and make her so good that you forget how plain she is. Above all, the book stresses the fact that good cooking is the most economical and that bad cooking is sheer waste. He goes through a dinner course by course, giving

general instructions, many excellent recipes, and everywhere showing how, with care and forethought plus imagination, the perfect meal is less a question of expense than a matter of knowing the secret of gastronomic perfection. No better book of its kind has been published for years, and I can say this without much fear of contradiction, because rarely a cookery book misses my eagle glance.

### An Off-hour with Noel Coward.

The "Collected Sketches and Lyrics of Noel Coward" (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.), with a most amusing Explanatory Preface by the author himself, revives a whole heap of happy memories. Memories of revue sketches which made us laugh, of witty songs, of opening choruses of which we never heard a word. Especially was I grateful to find in the book that parody of "Private Lives," which was performed for a charity matinee and which I listened to over the wireless and feared I should never meet again. Although these sketches and lyrics are all revue-standard, how very clever they are in a medium which is not only immensely difficult, but which is impossible to cultivate if you are not possessed of the natural flair, like the writing of short stories. Especially do they show Noel Coward's greatest genius, which is the genius for "superb theatre." So far, alas! he has given us nothing else. Except, perhaps, in "Bitter Sweet."



He: What's your 'phone number?  
Popular Debutante: Mayfair 6633—seven lines



# THE ADVENTURES OF SINBAD



## NO TRESPASSING

Above we start an exciting and amusing series of drawings dealing with "Sinbad," a dog who has gained great fame in the United States and should, we think, be known and appreciated in this country. Above he is seen guarding with courage—and discretion—the home doorstep. Further adventures of "Sinbad" will appear week by week

## PRISCILLA IN PARIS



THE PRINCESS PHILIPPE  
OF BOURBON-SICILY

The Princess, who was born in Paris in November 1902, was originally Mlle. Odette Fernand Labori. She is the former wife of Signor Ceretti, her marriage with whom was annulled. Her present husband, Prince Philippe, was also previously married, to Marie-Louise, Princess of Orleans. This marriage was annulled in 1925, and his first wife was married again in 1928, at Chichester, to Mr. Walter Kingsland, of Russel Cottage, West Wittering, Sussex.

some six summers tweaked one of those curls and called her "*chou-chou à sa mère*"; the *chou-chou* turned round and fetched him a wallop on the nose with a little dimpled fist that left him somewhat breathless!

The usual rush-to-produce-before-Christmas has kept the critics busy in Paris this last week. Every night saw a new show, and a good many afternoons as well. I missed the new Pigalle play, as I was tremendously keen to see the English amateur performance of "*The Cat and the Canary*," given at the Salle d'Iéna in order to raise funds for the Hertford British Hospital. My luck was out, however, for the snuffiest of colds, that simply had to be scotched, kept me under covers that evening. Two kind friends, M. Marcel Poncin (the clever black-and-white artist whose drawings have been such a feature in *The Bystander*) and his pretty English wife occupied my seats for me, and sent me the following account: "The Salle d'Iéna was full of the spirit of goodwill that can, but so rarely does, exist between the players and the audience. The team work was excellent, and every thrill told! Even if Mr. Crosby (John Lithiby) did loose his wig somewhat unexpectedly, it added to the friendly atmosphere of the whole affair. Vivian Saunders, in the rôle of Paul Jones, acted like a professional; he was comic without exaggeration, and really very moving in the sentimental scenes. Joan Harris was most sincere in her acting;

Très Cher,—At Christmas time, in London, all sorts of delightful plays for children, but this year *La Boîte à Joujoux*, a children's "Music-Hall Entertainment," has been organised by M. Edouard Beaudu, and will be given (matinées only) at the Théâtre de Paris during the holidays. All the performers are children: acrobats, dancers, singers, and, "littlest" of all, a quite marvellous child reciter, tiny four-year-old Micheline Masson. This infant has none of the usual parrot-like and lisping ways of the average child prodigy. She is obviously amused by what she has to say, and says it with real intelligence. She is a chubby child with long ringlets, and fond mammas amongst the audience grow sentimental about her. I wish they could see her as I saw her this afternoon, at rehearsal, when an aggressive young male of

Nell Coates as enigmatic as the Sphinx; and Esme Verney was successfully cattish—which must have been a difficult achievement! The programme-sellers were charming and gracious and beautifully dressed." (They were the Misses Mary Campbell, Bridget Herbert; Mlles. Marguerite Cornu-Thenard, Micheline and Veronique Mallet, Margot Roy, Roselyne de Vallombrosa, and the Baronne Dampierre.) M. Poncin goes on to ask, however: "Why did the orchestra play the 'Marseillaise' only? As an Englishman by heart and affection, and having enjoyed a real British evening, I missed the traditional anthem 'God Save the King!'"

And with this, Très Cher, I entirely agree. It is not often that I make any kind of appeal to you on this page—but I am going to do so now. The Hertford British Hospital in Paris was founded by Sir Richard Wallace in 1879, and endowed by him. As you can imagine, the endowment income has long ceased to be adequate to meet the expenses of the hospital, but the support of the public has, till now, made up the deficiency. This year has been a bad year for all, and, just when more money is needed, since sickness is worse than ever in hard times, much less seems to be forthcoming. I need not tell you all the good work done by the hospital for the British inhabitants of Paris who live over here, not for their pleasure, but because of their jobs. Every little gift would help, and if only half of the thousands of those visitors to Paris who have been over since the war, merely to enjoy a good time, would send whatever they can spare, it would be a wonderful aid. Please do! For the sake of your happy days! Cheques should be crossed and made out to the order of the hospital, 48 Rue de Villiers, Levallois-Perret (Seine).—With love, Très Cher, PRISCILLA.



MISS BETTY BYRD DAZZLES VIENNA

Professor Worysh, who was the judge at a recent Beauty Contest in Vienna, a city in which lovely woman is not exactly unknown, said of this English girl who won: "In all my years as an artist, I have seen few women who could compare with this visitor to our country... she is the loveliest foreign woman ever to set foot in Austria." After that what is there left to say excepting that Miss Betty Byrd hails from London





### GRETA GARBO—COMING TO LONDON?

Film fans, here's a thrill—the Garbo may be honouring London with her presence before very long. At least, that is the rumour which has travelled to England from Hollywood, where this aloof and lovely Swedish actress is such a unique figure. Very rich, very unsocial and loathing the limelight, Miss Garbo has wrapped herself in a mantle of mystery; consequently her every movement gains instant publicity, and when she was observed to buy a man's wrist-watch shortly before Christmas the excitement was intense. She generally wears grey flannel "bags" and a sweater when at home, and invariably criticises adversely her own films. Her latest picture is the just-completed "Mata Hari," with Ramon Novarro. Greta Garbo's previous success, "The Rise and Fall of Susan Lennox," in which Clark Gable was her opposite number, is now the rage in New York and is likely to be seen soon at the Empire



## AT KEMPTON PARK ON BOXING DAY



LADY NUGENT (left) AND MRS. DE WINTON



MRS. BEN FAWCETT



MRS. VERNON TATE AND HER DAUGHTER



LADY CHESHAM TALKING TO W. PAYNE



MR. AND MRS. WROUGHTON



MRS. GRACE HENRY AND GENERAL METCALFE

Those people who decided to try their luck at Kempton on Boxing Day found conditions most pleasant, for the sun shone and racing was good. Lady Nugent, looking particularly neat in a green and fawn checked tweed, was naturally delighted when Sir Hugh Nugent's Song of Essex scored a popular victory in the Fry Hurdle after making all the running. Mrs. Ben Fawcett, whose husband is well known in the dog-racing world, is the second of Colonel Petre's three pretty daughters, the others being Mrs. Rennie-Taylor and Mrs. Gerard Williamson. Colonel Petre is a very enthusiastic patron of the Turf and has several good horses in training this winter. The Hon. Diana Russell, Mrs. Vernon Tate's daughter by her first marriage, is almost as tall as her mother and most agreeable to look at. She was a study in light blue and grey, while Mrs. Tate's orange hatting, which matched the revers of her coat, was a great success. Lady Chesham's racing outfits are always a pattern of smart suitability, and Mrs. Wroughton, another racing regular, looked trim too. Bright blue was very popular; Mrs. Henry, who rarely misses a meeting near London, being one of the many who wore it. She is Lady Askwith's step-sister.





#### THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

These are the latest portraits which have been taken of Her Grace. Before her marriage in 1892 to the present Duke of Devonshire she was Lady Evelyn Fitzmaurice, a daughter of the late Marquess of Lansdowne, who in his time was a distinguished Governor-General of Canada and Viceroy of India, and the last Viceroy who had that great character, the late Lord Bill Beresford, as his Military Secretary. In those times it was said—and probably there was some truth in it—that no one minded being Viceroy of India so long as Bill Beresford was there to help him do it.

*Photographs by Dorothy Wilding, Old Bond Street*

# THE PASSING SHOWS



HERE we are again—clowns, dogs, monkeys, zebras, mules, tigers and horses. More especially horses.

In the Royal box, just behind us, Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught are chaperoning their nice-looking son; Lord and Lady Lonsdale are next door to them; Mr. Jim Thomas smokes a contemplative cigar; the arena is alive with dark forms and white faces, all merging upwards into a blurred mass intersected with keen shafts of limelight; the band defies altitude with brass and cymbal; Boy Scouts and scarlet minions speed to their tasks; Santa Claus, alias Whimsical Walker, eighty-two and still going strong, is shaking hands with Prince Arthur; Tom Titt on my left is covering sheets of paper with unintelligible hieroglyphics and a blunt pencil; down the gangway-steps trips Lord Lonsdale, nimble as a two-year-old, to present a bouquet apiece to the ladies. . . .

Not always, but very often, the ring is full of horses. They glitter and shine, tossing their heads like the Dolly Sisters. They make groups and patterns like Tiller Girls, only they are more beautiful. And when forty of them take the ring together a motor-car seems an ugly and sinful thing. Anyway, it can't form fours or waltz in pairs. I neigh my respects to these Schumanns, veritable kings among circus-folk.

In Miss Cilly Feindt the equestrian painters have the perfect picture. If ever this fine lady rides her fine horse to Banbury Cross, the traffic police will have a busy day. At the sight of her pretty face and graceful figure Tom Titt went into ecstasies and covered two sheets of paper with pure Sanskrit. Grace and technique, one thought, could go no further, but along came the Spanish officer, Julio Xifra Diaz de Velasco, to achieve a fresh miracle. He uses no bridle—an amazing feat of training, balance and execution.

The zebra, I believe, is a shy and stupid animal, but Mr. Gindl, having caught his zebras, mixes them up with as many mules, just to



# Bertram Mills's Circus at Olympia



The Bon John Girls

fused to be a farmer any longer and joined the Hagenbeck Menagerie. Tigers are his hobby. I counted ten, but saw no smile on any of their faces. Mr. Mathies did the smiling, armed only with a wooden trident and a whip. While the Boy Scouts and others were getting ready the iron bars for the tigers, not forgetting Max, Moritz and Akka, the Hollywood chimpanzees (these three are infernally clever, but I don't like chimpanzees; they seem too personal), the Wallendas seized the chance of falling sixty feet on to something sharp. They swarmed cheerfully up to the high wire and not until their lesser feats were over did anybody bother to take a pull at the safety net. Altitude and iron bars mean nothing to

make things more difficult; which only shows that animal-training is an extra sense. Mr. Mathies had it when he re-

another equestrian act in two generations, with another fat white horse; the Picchianis, brother and sister spring-board acrobats; everybody, in fact, seems related, and born and bred within earshot of the ring. After three crowded hours of slap-stick, horseculture, and every known form of ring-craft, the show was still going strong. Came an awful moment when the clock struck five and the Four Bronetts had not appeared. But at last they were up to their old games, sliding on broken eggs, soaking themselves with water and dealing themselves the most unbrotherly of blows.

My programme continues to stare me in the face and cry aloud a dozen sins of omission. Have I mentioned Little Fred and his football dogs? Have I done full justice to the bridge-less Spaniard? Have I explained the rod, pole, or perch act of the Olveras, that nerve-racking and muscle-bursting affair of pole, ladder and trapeze? Have I said how side-splittingly funny is the sailor who bounces on and off the spring mattress when the other Cleos are doing their trampoline act? Words fail me, as they do every year. Mr. Mills, in the time-honoured phrase to which his 12th year as a boon and a blessing to young and old entitles him, has surpassed himself. TRINCULO.

## ACCORDING TO THE CAMERA



Poole, Dublin

MISS PANSY GRACE AT  
LEOPARDSTOWN RACES

Wilson

SILVER WEDDING CELEBRATIONS AT BUCHANAN CASTLE: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF  
MONTROSE WITH SIR IAN COLQUHOUN (RIGHT) AND SOME OF THEIR TENANTRY

Bate

BOXING DAY WITH THE FERNIE: LORD AND LADY  
MILFORD HAVEN AND LADY TATIANA MOUNTBATTEN

Poole, Dublin

AT LEOPARDSTOWN RACES: MR. J. LAWRENCE, MRS. PATRICK  
DAVISON, MISS MOSSOP, MISS K. DUNN, AND MR. DAVISON

The silver wedding celebrations of the Duke and Duchess of Montrose (with which the group at the top of this page is concerned) gave evidence of the excellent feeling which exists between the Duke and his tenants, estate employees, and tenants. Handsome presentations were made on their behalf by Mr. McFarlane, the oldest tenant (seen on the Duke's right), and Sir Ian Colquhoun of Luss, one of the gifts being a ciné camera. There was a particularly good muster of visitors at the Leopardstown Christmas Meeting, and the Hon. Brinsley and Mrs. Plunket brought a big party, their guests including Miss Kathleen Dunn, Sir James Dunn's daughter. Miss Pansy Grace, another onlooker, is a noted exhibitor at Irish dog shows. Her father, Sir Valentine Grace, used to be in the Leinster Regiment. The snapshot of Lord and Lady Milford Haven and their daughter was taken at Thorpe Langton after the Fernie had met at Market Harboro'. Lady Tatiana had her fourteenth birthday shortly before Christmas





# THE GUN WHO PICKED UP HIS BIRD

By H. M. Bateman



# OUR SAVAGE CARTOONIST AGAIN. A SUGGESTION

LADY CASTLEROSSE  
(Boadicea)

SIR OSWALD MOSLEY  
(Guy Fawkes)

HON. RICHARD NORTON  
(Richard III)

LADY OXFORD AND ASQUITH  
(Queen Elizabeth)

DAME CLARA  
(Britannia)





FOR AN ALL NATIONAL HISTORY CHARITEE TABLEAU

MADAME A. DE PENA (Nell Gwynne)	MISS EDITH SITWELL (Florence Nightingale)	LORD CASTLEROSSE (Henry VIII)
LORD IVOR SPENCER-CHURCHILL (Duke of Marlborough)	MR. CECIL BEATON and MR. OLIVER MESSEL Princes in the Tower	



*I always smoke*  
**Player's  
Please**

**25**  
*for*  
**1/3**

THOSE WHO DELIGHT IN THE OPEN  
AIR ARE ATTRACTED BY THE COOL  
SWEET FRAGRANCE OF PLAYER'S

HCC93





MRS. TOM MILLS AND MR DALE BOURN



THE CAPTIOUS CRITIC

MISS MERLE O'BRIEN AND  
CAPTAIN "BABE" BARNATO

LADY DUDLEY, REX EVANS, AND MR. DE LISSA



- VISCOUNTESS HOWE AND HER DAUGHTER



MR. AND MRS. OWEN NARES AND THEIR SONS

## WELCOMING "IT'S A GIRL"

Austin Melford's successor to "It's a Boy" made its appearance at the Strand Theatre just before Christmas, and the cheers at the finish promised a long life to this new fun-maker. Once again the Henson-Howard combination provoked constant mirth; in fact, to quote that not always kindly critic, Mr. Hannen Swaffer (see above), "Leslie and Sydney are a scream." The distinguished first-night audience included lovely Lady Howe and her daughter, Lady Georgiana Curzon, Lady Dudley, a particular patron of premières; Captain Barnato, the racing motorist; Mr. and Mrs. Owen Nares and their good-looking sons, David and Geoffrey; Mr. Dale Bourn, the noted golfer; and Mr. Rex Evans, who is so exceedingly entertaining at the piano

*Photographs by Basha*





MISS SARA SAMPLE:  
UNDERSTUDYING MISS GLADYS COOPER

Tunbridge

Kitty Fane, the heroine of "The Painted Veil," the play which has filled the Playhouse at every performance since it was first produced, is one of the largest and most exacting parts Miss Gladys Cooper has ever had, and the corresponding anxiety of the understudy can therefore be comprehended. Miss Sara Sample played in "Ever Green," but at one time she was a fashion writer

THE following tale is one told by the famous actor, Jack Buchanan, concerning a visit he once paid to a provincial pantomime in company with a world-famous theatrical manager.

When the principal comedian came on the stage and kept the house in a roar of laughter for some minutes, the manager, with a look of boredom, leant over to Buchanan and remarked:

"I must try to get that man for my pantomime next Christmas!"

"Do you think he's funny?" asked Jack Buchanan.

"Oh, screamingly funny!" was the reply.

"Then why don't you laugh?"

"Laugh!" ejaculated the manager. "Laugh, when he knows I'm here and has his eye fixed on me! Laugh! Why, every smile I gave would mean that he'd ask for another five pounds a week!"

An old lady was being taught to play bridge. One evening, while arranging her cards, she dropped one, and, picking it up, observed: "No one saw that king, did they?"

"Hush, granny," said her partner, "you oughtn't to mention which card it was."

"It's all right, my dear; I didn't say it was the king of diamonds."

"Have you heard the latest about the women of the village?" asked Jones.

"No; what are they up to now?" rejoined Brown.

"They've formed a secret society."

## Bubble and Squeak

"Secret society! That's good," laughed Brown. "Why, they don't know how to keep a secret."

"Oh, this club isn't to keep secrets," returned the other, "it's to tell them."

Two actors met at a bar one day, and one broke the news to the other that he had been offered a part in a new play.

"What sort of a part is it?" he was asked.

"It's the part of the landlord. Do you think I shall be able to do it?"

"I should say so," was the rejoinder. "You've done a few landlords in your time."

A Socialist orator was making an impassioned speech. "It's a crime that our womenfolk should have to do hard manual labour," he said. "The result is that mothers have poor, stunted, and ugly babies."

He paused for the applause, but to his astonishment, the only comment was, "Blimy, your mother musta worked hard."

Two Scotsmen on a vessel that was sinking rapidly had almost given up hope of ever seeing Scotland again. One of them began to pray.

"Oh, Lord," he said, "Thou dost ken that Ah've loved the wee drappie, but if Thou wilt deliver me——" At this point he received a vigorous blow in the ribs, and heard the other whisper: "Whist, man! Dinna commit yersel' too far. Ah think ah see the lifeboat!"



VERA AND PHYLLIS CALVERT

Fred Daniels

Two clever young English dancers who have made good in new French films and, furthermore, arranged the dances, designed the costumes and decor in the two films, "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," and "Le Rêve." Vera and Phyllis Calvert have now returned to England to get to work in some British films





CAPTIVES



MR. GORDON SELFREDGE AND HIS DAUGHTERS,  
THE PRINCESS WIASEMSKY AND THE COMTESSE DE SIBOUR

Sasha

At the first night of "Max and Mr. Max," at the Vaudeville Theatre, Mr. Archie de Bear's new presentation, the play being an adaptation from the Spanish by Mr. Cecil Madden. Mr Selfridge and his daughters, when they happen to be in town, are very constant first-nighters. And Mr. Gordon Selfridge junior appears to be almost as fond of the drama as he is of aviation

CHRISTMAS and the New Year, however merry and happy we may design to make them, are definitely Feasts of the Ghosts. And not for that reason unhappy events: rather the contrary—for have not all of us our ghosts, whom we would not lose for all the world? We should not deserve to be called human beings if we desired to give them the cold shake just because they have drunk their cup a round or two before, and one by one crept silently to rest. It would not be the affair of a friend and a sportsman to bar the door. I claim to be both to all my very dear ghosts. It hurts a lot quite often when you know you can't grip 'em by the hand you once knew so very well; clink irons with 'em as you jump the obstacles stride for stride; sort yourselves out after a real bumper and try to find your whips, while you're not sure whether either of you has quite come to: but to feel bad because they come back when they can—impossible! Personally, I love 'em to do it—even if it makes me feel that it is impossible to speak—and perhaps some people who know do know why that is so. One cannot always set one's face like a flint and harden one's heart like a mill-stone—and I think that it is a bad habit—excepting when it happens to be a matter of personal risk when there's only you to get hurt. But if don't work all the time—it can't. One reminder I had at Christmas was a note from the other side of the Big Wood. It was from "Lilian, Stephen, George, Anthony, and Peter Bull," and the name that was missing was the one which spoke loudest. Just another friend who abode his little hour or two and went his way, but who is not really gone and came back most definitely on midnight Dec. 24-25. The really white ones do that, and William Bull was white from truck to keel. There ain't so many of 'em about that we can afford to risk miss counting 'em.

That elusive Pimpernel, my old friend and associate, to whom it is only discreet to refer as "Chimbwete," has just written to me from Massourah, Somaliland, where he has been carrying on the good work of The Great Game, to give me the

## Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

interesting information that he has had quite a good shoot and bagged a brace of lions amongst other things, and has also, so I gather, bagged all the other things for which he was out—not lions or any kind of four-legged beast. He said he was going to eat his Christmas dinner in London, but almost immediately afterwards was off hot-fut for the trouble spot, India, where, so far as my knowledge of him goes, he is well able to make it very hot for various people. In the past some of the same brood have found most unpleasant things begin to happen to them, and they have usually coincided with my friend's arrival—the trouble, of course, being that these gentlemen never know when something is going to hit them or who is throwing the brick. I have no doubt that there are bundles of these gentlemen who would give a good deal to know who "Chimbwete" is, and be only too glad of the chance the discovery would give them. Only once in his hectic career, so far as my personal knowledge goes, have these persons been close on his brush—but the line was foiled just in time.

\* \* \*

"Hot? Pooh!" said Mr. U. Pu. "Not at all! Burma is just nice and sunny!"

With the latter part of the Hon. Tharrawaddy's remarks everyone who ever has visited his beautiful and attractive country will agree quite readily. There is a very definite amount of sun—but isn't there also a spot or two of rain compared to which anything we may get here is just a penny squirt? We think it rains in these frigid British Isles, in which Mr. Tharrawaddy U. Pu says he would not dream of settling down; but in Burma you get *real* rain—a solid wall like a waterfall, thick enough to lean up against. I also remember having to have charcoal braziers put under my bed in that wonderful Pegu Club in Rangoon for hours before it was anything like dry enough to get into. Burma is as beautiful as anywhere in the world, but some of us feel towards it just as Tharrawaddy U. Pu feels towards England—that it is nicest in homœopathic doses.



A RECENT BEDALE GROUP

Howard Barrett

The Master and some of the followers of this descendant of the ancient Raby Hunt. In this group are (left to right) Major Godwin, Mrs. W. W. Burdon, Mrs. W. W. Burdon, M.F.H. (the Master since 1925, and he carries the horn himself), Miss Burdon, Miss Chaytor, the Hon. Mrs. Orde-Poulett, Capt. Stirling-Stuart (late the Greys) and Mrs. Verelst



# FLIGHTS OF FANCY AT THE EDINBURGH ICE RINK



WELL DISGUISED: LORD JOHN HOPE, LADY JOAN HOPE, LADY SUSAN EGERTON AND LORD HOPETOUN AT THE EDINBURGH ICE CARNIVAL



LADY LINLITHGOW WITH MISS GLADWIN (LONDON ICE CLUB)



THE HON. JEAN AND THE HON. ELIZABETH ELPHINSTONE AND (RIGHT) THEIR BROTHER



TEA FOR TWO: MISS HILL AND MISS DOROTHEA LYLE



TWIN "CYCLISTS": MISS MARJORIE AND MISS JEAN SCOTT AND A FRIEND

One of the most amusing entertainments which Edinburgh has seen for some time was organised at the Ice Rink by Lady Linlithgow in aid of the British Sailors' Society. It took the form of a carnival, and some of the disguises were so complete that friends were quite baffled as to the identity of the wearers. Perhaps Lord and Lady Linlithgow's elder son, Lord Hopetoun, had the biggest success of all, as a top-hatted feminine fox-hunter, but the Master of Elphinstone's Girl Guide outfit ran him very close. Lord George Scott's twin daughters made a tremendous hit as representatives of the early bicycling era; in fact, original ideas were two a penny. During the evening, Miss Gladwin, who had come from London on purpose, gave a first-rate exhibition of free skating, and everyone agreed that the whole affair was a triumph. Lady Susan Egerton is Lord and Lady Ellesmere's fourth daughter. Lord John Hope, one of Eton's noted athletes, won the School mile, the half and the quarter both in 1931 and in 1930

Photographs by Ian Smith

# PETROL VAPOUR: By W. G. ASTON

## Always Grousing.

WELL, after all, this is not so much a complaint as a humble question asked in the Rosa Dartle manner. Can anybody, possibly even including themselves, explain to me the utility of the mobile police? When it was announced that this new branch of the force was to be brought into being, I welcomed it with open ink-pot, and enthusiastically covered reams of inoffensive paper expatiating on the boon and the blessing it would be to motordom. It seemed to me that this was going to be a very valuable factor in the new charter of liberty introduced by the repeal of the silly old speed-limit law. In my mind's eye I saw the great advantage of having on the road a number of officials whose judgment would be formed upon practical motoring experience. For example, everybody knows that to a stationary observer something may look like foully dangerous driving, which, seen from the angle of the driver and his passengers, is actually nothing of the sort. Thus, I fondly thought, some abuses of the law will be modified, if not completely removed. Also, I imagined that these mobile controllers of traffic would genuinely do something substantial in the way of controlling it. That is to say, they would enforce obedience to the rule of the road, the flagrant disregard of which is such a prolific cause of accidents. Now, I will not for a moment deny that others may have been much more fortunate than I, and that the mobiles may have done a most immense amount of useful work. But I can only speak as I find, and the fact is that, although I have been averaging more than four hundred miles a week since they came into existence, I have never seen a single one of them doing a job of work. On the other hand, I have seen hundreds of them utterly failing to take advantage of their legitimate opportunities, and complacently shutting their eyes to things which most certainly ought not to happen.

Permit me to quote a case in point. Down the wider part of the Great West Road (probably the same applies to a great many other turnpikes) a gamboe centre-line has been laid, and of course one is supposed to keep strictly to the left of it. But the truth is that, if one wants to get along at a reasonable pace, one *has* to transgress it, for the simple reason that practically all the traffic hugs the yellow line, instead of hugging the kerb. So much so is this the case that many thrusters make a deliberate habit of passing on the inside, and I will frankly confess that I have done it myself a time or two when I have been pushed for time, damnably risky though it manifestly is. Whether or no it is an indictable offence to cross the yellow line when the other half of the road is clear remains to be

seen, but that has not much to do with the case. The point is that the mobiles can clearly see this ridiculous state of affairs and (as far as my experience goes) do literally nothing about it. Nothing would be easier for them than to stop slow drivers who will



LIEUT.-COLONEL LORD TWEEDMOUTH

Autori's impression of the Chairman of Directors of the National Sporting Club, Lord Tweedmouth, known as "Beef" to his friends, used to be just about the strongest man in the British Army. He commanded the Blues from 1918 to 1922 and is now one of the most popular people on the Stock Exchange. In addition to being a great patron of the Ring, Lord Tweedmouth is a member of the R.Y.S. and a noted figure at Cowes

not keep to the left and tell them authoritatively that they have jolly well got to do so. There is no occasion for police-court proceedings, for all that the traffic on these great roads wants is a little quiet direction—which is what it never seems to get. In three months a single mobile cop, who knew his job, could cure all this trouble, and keep it cured, for the vast majority of people who use

the big by-passes are "regulars." It is not a bit of good you or I angrily pointing to the left when we pass offenders, the most carefully-chosen phrases are wasted upon them, but they would very quickly respond to an official ticking-off. It will perhaps be urged that a stationary policeman could perform this service—and so he could if there were enough of him—for he could not do one-twentieth as much of it as a solitary mobile. Further, it is abundantly established that the ordinary foot-slogging cop takes no notice whatever of obedience, or otherwise, to the rule of the road, otherwise he might have a word to say to the taxi-men and bus-drivers who so persistently defy it. I cannot find it in my heart to blame these chaps, but I do definitely blame a system that is getting more chaotic every day, simply because, apparently, it is no one's business to check it. What I should do, if I had the power, would be to give mobile policemen aerial joy-rides over main roads (a scheme which I make no doubt the aviation industry would welcome) so that they could clearly see what was happening. I'll bet each one would say, "Blimey! Why, they're all in the middle!" Which is a fact.

## No Wonder.

I was the other day assured by one who should know, for he deals with a great many of them, that the Morris Major is more than ordinarily the goods, and that not only was it the first of the new and popular type of light six-cylinder, but it was also the best. Hence, I promptly got hold of one for a test on my own account, at the conclusion of which I found myself unable to controvert any of his claims. It is a very marvellous car. Not being a believer in speedometers, I timed it over a measured distance (none of your down-hill flattering ones) and it did over 63 m.p.h. against the watch. Also, with the utmost ease (it could have done better still), it averaged 43 m.p.h. on an eight-mile circuit of "give and take" country roads. Besides being vigorous to a degree, it proved eminently smooth and quiet, and so comfortable that one felt that a little jaunt from Land's End to John o' Groats would be no hardship. Much of the secret of its charm, apart from its irreproachable mechanical economy, is the fact that there is real room in it. Mrs. P. V. and I like plenty of space for ourselves in front seats, and the Major is the only thing of its kind in which, so far, we have had it. 'Cause why? Sir William Morris has had the admirable good sense to give this chassis a respectable track of 4 ft. 4 in., with a commensurate width of body which, however, does not in the least affect its gracefulness. The consequence is that the driver can waggle his elbows with perfect freedom, without the horrible feeling that he is squashing his fellow passenger.



## LADY OXFORD'S CHRISTMAS PARTY



PRINCESS ANTOINE BIBESCO,  
LADY OXFORD'S ONLY DAUGHTER,  
AT THE WHARF FOR CHRISTMAS

### THE WHARF

Lady Oxford and Asquith's home at Sutton Courtney, where she had a large Christmas house-party



THE HON. ANTHONY ASQUITH AND PRINCESS PRISCILLA BIBESCO



FORWARD THE FAMILY: CRESSIDA, MARK, AND LAURA BONHAM-CARTER,  
LADY OXFORD, PRINCESS PRISCILLA, AND LADY VIOLET BONHAM-CARTER

One of the most cheerful family gatherings at Christmas time was that which assembled at Lady Oxford and Asquith's delicious house, The Wharf, Sutton Courtney. Except for Sir Roderick Meiklejohn it was a family party, and Sir Roderick himself might almost be included in this category, for he was private secretary to the late Lord Oxford for many years. Princess Antoine Bibesco brought her eleven-year-old daughter, Princess Priscilla Bibesco, and Sir Maurice and Lady Violet Bonham-Carter had their four children with them. The cousins get on capitally together, and they are never happier than when with their grandmother, who is tremendously good to them. "Uncle Anthony," too, is a special favourite

# A Rugby Letter : By "HARLEQUIN"

**W**HATEVER may have happened at Twickenham last Saturday—and this epistle is of necessity being indited before the England v. South Africans match—the Springboks continue to be the subject of much argument, more or less acrimonious. They have their supporters and their detractors, and it is

possession should be retained as long as possible. And, as they are among the greatest teams the world has seen, their tactics are not to be dismissed lightly. One wonders sometimes what Paul Roos or Billy Millar would have said to a stand-off half who spent his time kicking, and so nullifying the speed and skill of his three-quarters.

In the old copy-books of our childhood a favourite proverb was, "Fire is a good servant, but a bad master." For "fire" read "kicking."

The Springboks can point with legitimate pride to a fine record; their tactics have won most of their matches. But, successful though they have been, they are not an attractive side to watch. After their first match at Bristol, where they know good Rugby when they see it, one heard several spectators saying they ought to have their money back, they "didn't pay to see so much—kicking." A sentiment which has been heard on various grounds since. The long and short of it is that, whilst their tour has been very successful, it has done little to improve the standard of Rugby, and has taught young players practically nothing.

Whilst on the subject of touring teams, it is worth noting that a third All Black side will be over here in the 1936-37 season, by which time it is to be hoped that the standard of play in the home countries will have considerably improved. It is rather curious that sides from overseas have generally caught us in lean seasons,

so that too many matches have been foregone conclusions.

There is evidence that in the near future international tours will be more numerous than of yore, and will play a much more important part in Rugby. It is announced that in 1933 a British side will visit Canada, more or less as a missionary team. Whether our men will play in the United States is at present uncertain; but it is quite likely that before many years are over Rugby will be a serious rival to the particular brand of brutality which is called football in America. Its death-roll seems to be increasing annually, and, as it appears to possess no other merit than its appeal to the more savage instincts of humanity, its end is certain.



THE BARBARIANS RUGBY XV

R. S. Crisp

Who played their annual match against Leicester last week and won by 14 points to 13 after a most thrilling contest. Standing: (left to right) H. L. G. Hughes (Hon. Treas.), A. Wemyss, G. C. Falla, P. C. Horden, G. E. S. Williams, W. E. Pratten, W. H. Logan, A. R. Ramsay, A. C. Harrison and H. A. Haigh-Smith (Hon. Sec.). Sitting: E. W. F. de V. Hunt, J. G. Askew, J. W. Allan, A. L. Novis (Captain), C. R. Hopwood, R. W. Smeddle, P. W. P. Brook, and F. Williams

worth noting that much more severe things are said about them, in the Press-box and elsewhere, than ever appear in print. Meantime they go on winning matches, and, since the proof of the pudding is still in the eating, there is not much to be said in reply to that statement of fact.

Perhaps the truth is that they are a sound and practical side, who have been lucky enough to come over here in a lean season, and who, apart from injuries, have been favourites of fortune rather than otherwise. They were, for instance, presented with the game against Wales by the Welshmen themselves, largely by the man who gave England a draw last January at Twickenham. They have had very little to spare in other matches, and have several times pulled through by their superior fitness and their opportunism in taking advantage of their opponents' mistakes.

This latter quality, of course, is all to their credit, and no sensible person would dream of blaming them for it. Still, one does expect something more from a first-class touring side, and as a definite plan of campaign the profiting by other people's mistakes leaves something to be desired. That they kick too much is obvious. In the match against London the other day it was painful to see B. Osler in possession, with an opening for incisive attack on either side of him, kicking more or less aimlessly up the field. Several times the ball went dead, the most heinous fault in Rugby; several times it was returned to touch with interest by the London full back, S. A. Block. Many a boy has been shot out of his school side for errors of that kind.

The All Blacks, in both their tours, have impressed on us the basic fact that you cannot score without the ball: in other words,



R. S. Crisp

THE LEICESTER RUGBY XV (THE TIGERS)

Beaten by one point in a terrific struggle with the Barbarians at Leicester. Standing: (left to right) W. N. Bradshaw, J. T. Hardwick, P. B. Coote, A. Graham, H. A. Constantine, D. E. Morris, A. H. Greenwood, N. Coult and J. E. Thorneloe (Hon. Sec.). Sitting: B. C. Gadney, G. P. C. Valance, G. R. Beamish, H. D. Greenlees (Captain), R. A. Buckingham, E. G. Coleman, Dr. R. A. Wiener, and (in front) S. H. Saunders and C. Manson



# "HELEN" ARRIVES IN MANCHESTER



ONE OF THE SCENES FROM THE COCHRAN-REINHARDT VERSION OF "LA BELLE HÉLÈNE," PRODUCED AT THE OPERA HOUSE, MANCHESTER, ON CHRISTMAS EVE



MISS BUNTY PAYNE AND MISS JACKIE MARCON, WHO DANCE IN "HELEN"



A CLOSE-UP OF MISS EVELYN LAYE AND MR. BRUCE CARFAX, WHO PLAY HELEN AND PARIS



MR. GEORGE ROBEY AS KING MENELAUS AND MR. W. H. BERRY AS CALCHAS

The première of the much heralded "Helen," Mr. C. B. Cochran's presentation of Offenbach's "La Belle Hélène," with Professor Max Reinhardt as producer, did not disappoint Manchester, ever famous for a well developed critical faculty; therefore London is likely to approve of it too when it comes to the Adelphi at the end of this month. As may be imagined lavishness has not been spared, and many of Oliver Messel's settings are exquisite. In this comic opera written round a classic love story Evelyn Laye plays the name part with delicious charm and dignity, and Bruce Carfax is admirable as Paris, who was promised the love of Helen by Venus as a reward for handing her the golden apple. And then what fun George Robey (complete with eyebrows) and W. H. Berry have, and are, in their respective rôles of King Menelaus (husband of Helen) and Chief Augur of the Temple of Venus. A. P. Herbert has adapted the original libretto of Meilhac and Halévy very freely indeed, and Erich Korngold has arranged the entrancing music, including in it some from Offenbach's other operas

# THE MYSTIC MIRROR

By C. V. TENCH

THE antique shop stands in an obscure quarter of Venice reached by a bewildering maze of winding calles, small bridges, tiny arches, and steep flights of steps. A stranger, unaided, could never find it, but the visitor had been guided to the spot. He now stood within the shop's dim interior, his eyes alight with the collector's greed as he peered about him at the heterogeneous wares that filled the room to overflowing. Another man, bent and wizened and showing signs of age, rose from a stool and shuffled forward. With wrinkled eyes he stared at the visitor, rubbed brown hands together, and croaked an inquiry.

"And what may the signore desire?"

"I am told," said the visitor, "that you possess a Venetian mirror that once adorned the walls of the Palazzo Guaramini."

"So it is the Guaramini mirror that the signore would see?" A warm glow showed in the dealer's eyes. "Ahi! Then the signore must be an artist, seeing that it is the genuine article he seeks. Nowhere else in Venice is there such a treasure. The big shops! Venga! They are filled with rubbish. Here in my little shop I have a real treasure."

"Well, show it to me."

"Ahi!" A chuckle followed. "The true artist is always impatient. The mirror hangs upon the wall behind the signore."

The visitor whirled swiftly and drew an audible breath as his eyes fell on the mirror. Cunning hands had fashioned the glass, for it bore the stamp of Byzantine craftsmanship; and some artist hand had fashioned the exquisite lines of the border and traced the smooth engravings of those octagonal panels. To examine the glass more closely in that dim light the visitor took a step forward, and a cry of disappointment escaped him.

"Why, it is cracked!"

The old man chuckled.

"That crack but adds to its value, signore, for it was made by the long-since-dead Duke of Mestre's sword. It is an old story, and they say a spirit haunts the mirror." He shrugged his shoulders. "But although I have spent many hours peering into the mirror, nothing have I seen. But I am just a plain man and not, like the signore, gifted with the imagination of the artist."

A faint smile played over the visitor's lips. "Tell me the story," he said. Nothing loth, the dealer began:

"Many years ago, during the days of the Doge Giovanni Pesaro, the mirror hung in the bed-room of the last of the old Dukes of Mestre. The Duke was young and married to one Elena, a young woman so beautiful, signore, that even in Venice, she was outstanding." He shook his head sadly. "But her beauty was a curse and brought tragedy in its train, for even though she was married many men sought her favours."

"And, so the story goes, Elena did not discourage these lovers, and jealousy burned within the Duke's breast, and these destroying fires were fanned by a whisper that reached his ear: his wife had selected one young man for her lover."

"Maladetta! Distrust of his wife now became an obsession of the Duke's, and, signore, an obsessed man is a madman, and a madman is cunning. With the mirror the Duke of Mestre set a trap for his wife. He hung it so that from his own room he could see into his wife's bed-room."

"Then he announced that he was going away on a journey; instead he came back that same night. He rushed straight to the door of Elena's room and thundered for admittance. He saw no one but his wife, so, apologizing for his actions and accusations, he turned towards his own room."

"But he was still suspicious and well might he be for, even as he crossed the threshold of his own room, he glanced into the mirror. Maladetta! In the mirror he saw a man's face reflected; it was peering from behind a curtain—it was his wife's lover."

"With a terrible curse he leapt across the room and lunged at the mirror with his sword, then he ran back into his wife's bed-room. When he left, signore, his wife and her lover were both dead. His sword had drunk of their blood. He himself became a victim of the living death, for he loved his wife and her faithlessness drove him mad."

"And that is how the mirror became cracked, signore; but I doubt if you believe my story, for many are the fabrications made up by other dealers to help sell their wares." He shrugged his shoulders. "But it matters not whether the signore buys

the mirror or not; I am old and my wants are meagre: just my frittos and spaghetti and wine." He peered up with wrinkled eyes. "It is not to many that I tell the story, but I can tell that the signore is an artist, and it would please me if he told me that he believed an old man."

The visitor stroked his chin, stared hard at the dealer. The wrinkled eyes did not waver.

"I believe your story," said the visitor; "but it is not yet finished. You say a spirit haunts the mirror."

Again bowed shoulders were shrugged.

"I have told you, signore, that I have seen nothing, but they say that those fortunate ones who are blessed with the gift of far vision can sometimes see in that mirror the reflection of the beautiful Elena, the faithless wife of the last of the Dukes of Mestre." The old man got to his feet. "I cannot vouch for that, signore, but I will leave you alone for a short time, and perhaps to you will appear the image of Elena."

The visitor hardly noticed the old man's departure; eyes glowing with fervour, he was staring again at the mirror.

For minutes the visitor stood there staring into the glass—and then happened an astounding, marvellous thing.

Deep beneath the mirror's surface a radiant glow appeared, slowly increasing in intensity, and in its midst was a face, the face of a young girl. A gasp escaped the visitor's lips as he saw the beauty of the young face, the glowing eyes, the masses of hair of richest Venetian-red, the round young throat that bore the little head so proudly, the smooth, milk-white shoulders. Scarce daring to breathe, the visitor stood there unable to tear his eyes away from that fascinating vision of beauty.

All this; and then, as suddenly as it had appeared, it was gone; and only the dull surface of the glass remained, disfigured by the crack. A cry forced itself from the visitor's lips and he whirled suddenly, his eyes darting in all directions. The old man came shambling back.

"Are we alone?" asked the visitor eagerly.

The old man's face expressed amazement.

"Why, yes, signore; if you doubt me you may search, but—" his eyes suddenly blazed and he laid trembling hands upon the other man. "Signore! You are of the blessed? You have seen something? Have you been so fortunate as to gaze into the lovely eyes of the beautiful Elena?"

The visitor's eyes were ablaze with excitement.

"I don't know. Imagination, perhaps. Anyway, I want that mirror. Please name your price."

The dealer did so, and the visitor's eyebrows went up, but he paid the full sum without comment. The old man asked a question as he wrapped up the purchase.

"How did the signore discover my poor shop and learn of the mirror?"

"A man at my hotel told me of it," was the absent answer. "He guided me to this shop."

"Praise be to the saints!" was the pious answer. "It pleases me, signore, that the mirror goes to an artist, one who is blessed with understanding." With shaking hands he handed over the purchase, and bowed his visitor out of the tiny shop.

A man whose face was the dealer's, but whose bearing was that of a young man, stood in the tiny shop talking to a girl—a girl dressed in the style of long ago, a girl whose beauty was breath-taking. She smiled at the dealer even as she raised her hands to the piled masses of hair that adorned her head.

"Gee! but this wig is hot," she said, and removed it. The man chuckled.

"But it's worth it, baby," he said, and suddenly hugged her and kissed her. "That makes forty-seven mystic mirrors we've unloaded; even with Bill's commission for heading suckers this way we're cleaning up big. Of course," he added, "the racket won't last for ever, but she's good while she's going."

The girl smiled at him, returned his caress.

"I've got a clever hubby," she said. "When the talkies put Professor Moreno, the world-famed illusionist out of a job, did he quit?" She smiled and hugged him again.

"There are tricks to every trade, baby," he said, "but ours is a trade of tricks."



## From the Shires and Provinces

(Continued from p. 8)

Thursday on Christmas Eve from Rodbourne can be termed a very good hound hunt, but not from a rider's point of view, as the going was terribly deep and Reynard selected a very bad line.

Boxing Day from Didmanton certainly produced a record crowd in every way. Mounted, cars, and on "bikes," they all seemed to enjoy the fun thoroughly, and the hill at Sopworth Brake certainly helped to crown the day from the holiday-makers' point of view. We must apologise for thinking there was to be no point-to-point, and are delighted to hear it will be run under the same capable management on Thursday, March 10, at Leighterton. Now, some of you "young bloods," don't sit on the fence this year, but have a crack in the various events.

### From Warwickshire

It froze quite sharply over the week-end, and though cold and raw it was quite fit to hunt on Monday at Sherborne. Hounds ran well all day, in and out of the many coverts there.

A huge crowd of people met the hounds at Stretton on Tuesday in milder weather, the horse boxes stretching for half a mile down the road. The day was disappointing, as the earths had not been stopped; every time we got a fox away from Golden Cross he went to ground. We found no less than three times there. The plum was in the evening from Crims-cote for those who were left; they ran very sharply nearly to Stoke Wood, which was most enjoyable. Coughing is very bad everywhere, and one breathes a sigh of relief if one has escaped it for another day. Probably the mild weather coming after the intense cold and fog has something to do with it.

The Bank Holiday meet at Upton House was most successful, if not a little dangerous. A fox was killed almost at once on the hillside, much to the excitement of the holiday makers. It looked a glorious scenting day, and turned out to be later, as an outlier, found below Shennington, raced over the hill and away into the vale towards Oxhill, and turning right handed made for Shepherd's Gorse, which he did not quite reach, and was pulled down in a hedgerow after a grand twenty minutes. Most of us were left on the hill, but a few lucky ones were fairly near the flying pack; Jackie was in luck, and we hope the strangers enjoyed it. The best of luck to foxhunting in 1932, and may the second half of our season be as brilliant as the first.

### From the Heythrop

On Monday, at Pomfret Castle, our first two foxes went to ground in two ticks in two fields, and it certainly does seem a pity that in this particular district hounds can't keep on

keeping on because the stopping has stopped. In the morning hunt both hounds and opinion were very much divided, but it certainly appeared that the majority of the hounds and the minority of the field ran to Heythrop, and vice versa, ran to Tew. While on the subject of majorities and minorities, it reminds us that the Chairman of the Conservative Party was out, but from the appearance of his



W. Dennis Moss

THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT AND MR. H. C. COX, M.F.H., AT WEST KINGTON

A recent meet of the Duke of Beaufort's Hounds was the occasion for this good snapshot. Mr. Cox, who is a Canadian by birth, joined the Duke of Beaufort in the Mastership of this famous family pack in 1930, and the arrangement has proved most satisfactory



Bale

### AT A PYTCHLEY FIXTURE

Colonel and Mrs. Borwick, of Haselbech Grange, and Miss Del Ismay waiting for hounds to arrive. Miss Ismay, an exceedingly popular young lady, is the only child of the late Mr. Bower Ismay and of Mrs. Bower Ismay of Haselbech Hall

nasty fall, his movement next day must have been of the Labour variety.

On Wednesday the meet was at Burford. Hounds ran fast in the morning, and well to the fore was our lady visitor from over the ocean. All is not gold that glitters, but her golden collar and brass buttons were a reminder that America is still on the gold standard. We were all sorry to see Colonel Savage take a nasty toss on the flat, and we are glad to hear, that, although severely shaken, his top-hat is the only thing requiring the attention of a specialist.

On Boxing Day the meet was at Swinbrook House, and judging by the motors, bikers, and hikers, perhaps it is a good thing that Christmas comes but once a year. A pretty hunt over an ugly country followed, and most people did their leaping by jumping to conclusions that most of the walls were wired. However, a few falls were registered, including the astride-lady who parted from the Spanish Main.

### From Lincolnshire

In weather more reminiscent of spring than of winter, Christmas hunting was enjoyed by thousands of holiday folk. The little wold town of Spilsby was all agog with excitement on Boxing Day when the Southwold, taking a fox into the grounds of the local workhouse, provided entertainment for the inmates, one of whom was all but bowled over in the confusion.

The Blankney were also followed by a record crowd from Navenby. Foxes were hemmed in on every side of Gorse Hill and it took Jim all his time to keep his tongue tied. True, there was one nice twenty-five minutes in the open but, again headed, Charles returned to the starting place, and although he found a place underground, it failed to prove his salvation.

Lady Cahn, wife of the Burton M.F.H., surprised everybody by turning up at the Boxing Day meet at Lincoln after the nasty toss she took just before Christmas.

### From the York and Ainsty

As regards the South pack's Boxing Day meet, we might quote from the Christmas hymn:—

Christians awake, salute the happy morn  
When cars and cyclists flock to hear the horn;  
When flustered riders, full of hopes and fears,  
Mingle with petrol fumes and changing gears;  
When men and maidens, crowding road and lane,  
Yell when they see a fox, with might and main.

And then you all know the carol which begins:—

Good King David he rode out  
After Yuletide's carouses,  
With the motors round about  
Assembling at Dringhouses.

But there we must stop, as the Editor won't allow us any more space.

HERE we are in the New Year, and the obvious duty of the conscientious journalist is to review the Old, and draw some equally obvious conclusions. But the trouble is that 1931 is still too close to be viewed with that proper perspective, which should be the unswerving aim of the impartial historian (says she, clearing her throat in the best and heaviest of manners).

Perhaps in years to come we shall be able to lay our judicial finger on Miss Enid Wilson's second shot to within 5 yards of the pin at the first hole of the afternoon round of the final of the Open Championship at Portmarnock, and pronounce that from that moment onwards Miss Wilson was the acknowledged and demonstrable first golfer of the land, always and only excepting the great Miss Joyce Wethered, who by then will be Mrs. Cecil Hutchison. (And that is a sentence long enough even for Macaulay. Let us at least sound historical, even if we cannot feel it.) Perhaps we shall show that Miss Wanda Morgan, by being firstly second qualifier, and then runner-up at Portmarnock, and English Champion four months later, consolidated the claim to greatness which she had staked out a year before, when she beat Miss Gourlay for the first time at Aldeburgh. Perhaps we shall recall how gallantly Miss Gourlay, still an uncrowned champion so far as the Open went, kept in the forefront of battle. Perhaps on the other hand we shall do none of these things.

However, it really does seem unlikely that Portmarnock will be quickly forgotten. There was the terror of the qualifying round. There was the equal terror of the thunderstorm. There was the third terror of the flooded bunkers, and there might have been a fourth, of the cup going to America, only in the end only one invader, Miss Maureen Orcutt came over, and with her Miss Elsie Corlett dealt faithfully and firmly. All that happened was that the International shield went to Scotland.

Golfing memory will have to grow very short, too, before it forgets the 75 Miss Wilson did in the first 18 holes of the qualifying round, or her amazing afternoon spurt of the first 12 holes in 1 under 4's, by which time she had won the final from Miss Morgan. After that it was not unreasonable to think that Miss Wilson might capture the American or the Canadian championship, or both, but it seems that when she had taken in all the wonders and glories of those two countries there was no more spirit left in her than in the Queen of Sheba, and she was totally unable to concentrate.

At all events, with Miss Wilson away, and Miss Gourlay perhaps burning a little too ardently to avenge both Aldeburgh and Portmarnock, Miss Morgan's path was cleared for



A brace of champions: Miss Wanda Morgan (right) who holds the English, and Miss Pauline Doran, winner of the Girls' Championship in 1930 and 1931

## EVE AT GOLF

By ELEANOR E. HELME



Miss Enid Wilson, the Open Champion of 1931, is extraordinarily modest about her achievements and considers that she has still a lot to learn

her to the English Cup, though Miss Corlett finished off a year of fine golf by taking her to the last green in the semi-final, and Miss Gourlay chased her for five and thirty holes in the final. And if Portmarnock is remembered for ghastly weather, so will Ganton be for the still serenity of the days supplied by that often wind-swept portion of Yorkshire.

The Scottish Championship had good weather at Gullane for Miss Jean McCulloch to inscribe her name a third time; so had the Welsh at Southerndown, when Miss Jestyn Jeffries repeated her stout feat of 1930 by qualifying first as well as winning the Championship. But of the weather for the Irish at Rossees Point nobody has anything bad enough to say. Miss Pentony won her Championship there against the elements as well as against her opponents.

While we are on the subject of championships, there were two new ones started in 1931, a Northern, won by Miss Jessie Firth at Birkdale, and a South-Western, won by Miss Mary Beard at Ferndown. Miss Pauline Doran held on to the Girls'.

And, of course, the first official International match, Great Britain v. France, was really the most momentous golfing event of the year, opening up

all sorts of possibilities as well as providing an entirely delightful day's play at Oxhey before Great Britain had won.

Then the Mixed Foursome has come right into its own. Inter-club at Camberley Heath, won by Stoke Poges' right good pair, Mrs. Alec Gold and Mr. Cotton; Welsh at Southerndown, won by Miss Dorothy Pearson and Mr. Zair; Central England at Woodhall Spa, won by Miss Lobbett and Mr. Straker in spite of giving horrible numbers of strokes; and last and greatest Worpleston, won by Miss Wethered and the Hon. Michael Scott—every one of these has been a complete success.

The Foursome, indeed, has flourished amazingly, chief exponent thereof being Miss Rudgard from York who, with a fine selection of partners, carried off the London, the Northern, and the One Day Spring Medal, playing respectively with Miss Enid Wilson, Mrs. Bradshaw, and Miss Cotgrave. Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery and Miss Susan Walker carried off the Scottish, Miss Nan Baird and Miss Marjorie White the Autumn, Mrs. C. H. Parry and Miss Hardie the Roehampton.

This is getting perilously like a chronicle of 1931 after all. Have I done what I didn't intend like the poor girl of Ostend? And I meant instead to talk about all the good things in prospect for 1932.

However, as they say oop in Yorkshire, "There's another week, loove."



Popular Miss Elsie Corlett holds the distinction of never having lost an International match



Miss Molly Gourlay, who is spending the winter in hot pursuit of Herefordshire foxes



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## **‘OVALTINE’**

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P 788

# The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE

## Something Different.

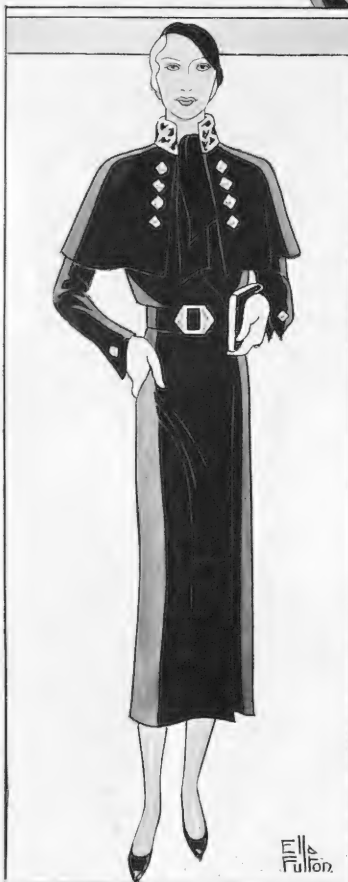
HERE is something totally different about a dress worn by Jeanne Stuart in *It's a Girl*; it is panelled in the cleverest manner possible, and is made of velvet of a wondrous pale emerald shade that suggests it has been iced; it moulds the figure, and although the hips are slender the shoulders are widened with the newest of draped fichus, with high Medici collar, carried out in black velvet, and it is of this fabric that the muff is made. In another scene she appears in a snow-white satin dress accompanied by an abbreviated cape trimmed with fox, her muff having five fox tails and one head with gleaming red eyes, her forage cap being white. Later on



is seen in conjunction with a white chiffon velvet coat; this has a draped collar with a flowing cape effect from the shoulders, which is decidedly new. Miss Gracie Fields appears in a lovely dress of ciré silver-tissue in *Walk This Way*; it has a cowl drapery in front, while her long coat is of dull silver tissue collared with fox, and she carries a white handkerchief with a silver tracey.

## Without the Slightest Exaggeration.

Always perfectly groomed and faultlessly dressed is Mrs. Simon Brand, who spends the greater part of her time at the Ritz in Paris and in London. She always seems to appear in



Large bows will be an important feature of the Spring hats. The two pictured come from Corots, 33, Old Bond Street. The plateau model at the back is of pedaline enriched with veined ciré ribbon, while the model below is of petersham, also trimmed with ribbon. See p. ii

she discards these accessories, and then it is seen that her frock is cut very low in front as well as at the back, and is a particularly complicated affair although it suggests simplicity.

## Nothing but Ciré Ribbon.

Muriel Montrose's choice in this play has alighted on a black dress with a narrow white Peter Pan collar. It is entirely composed of black ciré ribbon in graduated widths; the ribbon is worked up to have a slimming effect; it is indeed a work of art. The ribbon at the hem of the skirt must be quite 2 in. wide, while that on the sleeves and upper part of the corsage not more than a fraction of an inch. Nora Swinburne in *The Gay Adventure* wears a milky white crêpe romaine frock; it is innocent of a back with the exception of a cowl-like drapery on one side; this is clasped where it encounters the front of the bodice with a sheaf of violets. The skirt is tight fitting and is cut on pointed Gothic lines, the folds at the base being very full. It



Admirably tailored is this camel hair cloth coat from H. J. Nicoll Co., 120, Regent Street. Although warm its weight is insignificant and it is available for five pounds

something new; every detail is in harmony. She does not consider that dead black looks well with ermine, and as a consequence her cloth coat with a superb ermine collar is of the darkest blue procurable, the leather belt having been dyed to match. The sole adornment of her hat with a tiny brim is an upstanding quill.

(Continued on p. ii)





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## THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—cont.

### A Study in Green and Brown.

Another smart coat worn by Mrs. Brand is of emerald-green, a very important feature being the Persian lamb collar dyed a lovely golden brown shade; a horizontal quill appears in her hat. Lady Diana Duff-Cooper is very fond of brown, and looks remarkably smart in her ensemble expressed in one of the new woollen fabrics of a russet-brown shade; the coat and dress silhouette the figure. By the way, the highwayman cape has found favour in the eyes of Mrs. Peter Horlick. Fur outlines the cape, with the exception of the neck. Lady Mary Erskine has a grey coat and skirt which is enriched with fur. She is among those who have warmly welcomed the return of the blouse, and knows that the latest version of the *béret* suits her admirably.

### The Parti-coloured Frock.

Although the ensemble may have a corsage that is of a contrasting colour to the skirt the material must be the same. Lady Kershaw was recently seen in a lace frock; the lower portion is black, then just above the normal waist line it is champagne tinted, the upper portion of the tight fitting sleeves are black, while the lower are light, matching the corsage. There is a soupçon of a bustle effect at the back; it is really merely a frill, the scheme being completed with a sleeveless coatée, which is cut away to reveal the cowl drapery of the corsage.

### Something Different.

Women who replenish their wardrobes at Corot's, 33, Old Bond Street, W., are indeed fortunate as they are able to acquire coats, frocks, and hats, and pay for them by instalments without extra charge—full details, together with illustrated catalogue, will gladly be sent gratis and post free. Illustrated on page 42 is a Spring coat carried out in a new wool fabric; the small cape is trimmed with steel buttons, while the stand-up collar is of baby leopard skin. In a subtle way a military atmosphere is present in this coat. Also pictured are two hats, the one at the top is of pedaline straw enriched with massed bows of veined black *ciré* ribbon—note the angle at which it is worn. The hat below is of black *petersham*, the decorative bows at the back indisputably label it spring, 1932.

### Light and Warm.

Light, warm, and perfectly ventilated are the camel cloth wrap-coats at H. J. Nicoll and Co., 120, Regent Street, one of which finds pictorial expression on p. 42, and although it is lined throughout it is available for £5. And now about the sale that is in progress in these salons; there are a limited number of fur felt and velour hats for 5s., while untrimmed coats from the Inexpensive Department are 10s.



*Although not included in the sale this Spring frock has gone into residence in the ready-to-wear department on the second floor at Jay's, Regent Street, W. It is pleasantly priced at five and a half guineas and is carried out in wool mousse with striped crêpe de chine rever. It would look so smart in conjunction with a fur or wrap coat like the one pictured*

A number of day and evening gowns, that were originally 6, 7, and 8 guineas, must be cleared at 50s. Neither must it be overlooked that there are 200 leather bags for 5s., and pure silk stockings that were 4s. 11d. and 5s. 11d. are 2s. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that there are unprecedented bargains in men's wear. Lounge suits are £5, and winter-weight overcoats 73s. 6d.

### A Harbinger of Spring.

Undoubtedly the Spring frock from the ready-to-wear department on the second floor at Jays, Regent Street, W., is a pleasant harbinger of Spring. It has been specially designed and carried out for the readers of THE TATLER; it is expressed in wool mousse, while the single rever is of striped crêpe de chine. The skirt has an inverted jabot pleating in front, while the belt is caught with a buckle, and of it one may become the possessor for 5½ guineas. It will form an ideal background for a silver fox or other stole, and at the same time it may appropriately be worn beneath a fur or other wrap coat.

### Exceptionally Drastic Reductions.

Exceptionally drastic reductions have been made in the prices of everything at Jays' (Regent Street, W.) sale; the catalogue will be sent gratis and post free. Included in it are modish hats for 21s. and 25s., and there are fifty only model jumpers for 21s., usual prices 49s. 6d., 59s. 6d., and 63s., and there are six jumper suits for

21s. Gloves range in price from 6s. 6d. to 18s. 6d., and there are open mesh wool and rayon stockings for 4s. 7d.

### A Sale Worth Visiting.

There is no doubt about it that Kenneth Durward's (Conduit Street, W.) winter sale is one worth visiting. There are coats and skirts from £4 4s., overcoats from £3 3s., those enriched with fur being from £6 6s. Then everyone must make a point of seeing the jumpers and cardigans made of wool for 15s. and the hats from 10s. 6d.

### From the 11th to 16th January.

A note must be made of the fact that A Friday, January 15, is remnant day at Harrods (Knightsbridge) sale, which begins on the 11th inst., and continues until the 16th. Included in it are 250 smart skirts for 5s. each, while sports frocks in tweed and woollen fabrics are 40s. Model gowns are less than half-price; their tweed spring coats are £4. Incredible as it may seem nevertheless it is a fact that silver fox ties are 2 guineas. The catalogue is ready, and will gladly be sent gratis and post free.

### A Stocktaking Sale.

No catalogue is issued in connection with Liberty's (Regent Street) stock-taking sale which is in progress; as a consequence a visit is essential.

Pictures by Blake



## SEE HOW THEY WASH!



Joan is a busy young person. Loves games, yet is equally at home in the ballroom. A typical Wright's user. She cares for her complexion, of course—nothing could be better for that than WRIGHT'S. She cares for her health too—she realises that Wright's antiseptic is a true guard against the germs picked up in the round of work and play.

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## WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

Lufayette  
MISS DOREEN POTTS

The younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Potts of London, and Brookmead, Frinton-on-Sea, who is engaged to Mr. G. Ronald Service, the son of Mr. G. W. Service of Horsehill House, Glasgow, and Myrtle Park, Cove

Warne of Parva, Hamilton Road, St. Alban's, late of Great Ponton, Lincs.

## Abroad.

Mr. Winsland Lawrence (Larry) Smith of Hissar, India, and Miss Margaret Elizabeth Macpherson are being married early next month in India; on January 25, Mr. W. L. Rolleston, Royal Engineers, and Miss Joy Upton are being married at Nairobi, Kenya Colony.

## Marrying Shortly.

Mr. F. Chafen Newman and Miss Helen Walker have fixed January 26 for their marriage at All Souls, Langham Place; on January 28, Mr. John Armitage Robertson and Miss Nancy Edith Waller are to be married at St. Margaret's, Lowestoft; February 2 is the date arranged for the marriage of Mr. Ronald Archibald Leggett and Miss Dorothy Gordon, which is to be at St. Mary-the-Boltons, South Kensington; and also in February is the marriage

## A Summer Wedding.

Some time in June, Squadron-Leader Edward Garden Hopcraft, D.S.C., R.A.F., the son of Mr. and Mrs. L. Hopcraft of 69, Ladbroke Grove, London, is marrying Miss Mary Sybil Warne, the younger daughter of Canon and Mrs. Guy



MISS IRIS ATKINSON AND MR. HENRY TREHERNE (KIM) POLLOCK

Whose engagement was announced in November. Miss Iris Atkinson is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Garnier Atkinson of The Downs, Woldingham, and Mr. Pollock is the elder son of Mrs. Treherne Pollock, and of the late Mr. Henry Pollock of Kinshaw, Woldingham

between Captain C. G. Evans, Deputy-Surveyor-General, Nigeria, and Miss Joan Manon.

## Recent Engagements.

Dr. Richard E. M. Pilcher, F.R.C.S. (Ed.), the only son of Dr. and Mrs. Pilcher of Boston, Lincs., and Miss Moira McNidder, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. McNidder of Crosslet, Sheffield; Mr. Lester Jones, the second son of Mr. S. Knill Jones and the late Mrs. Knill Jones of Sanderstead, and Miss Nancy Peacock, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Peacock of Eastbourne; Mr. William Edgell Luke, the son of Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Luke of Kelvinhead, Glasgow, and Miss Muriel Aske Haley, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Aske Haley of Aske Glen, Colwyn Bay, Denbighshire; Lieutenant A. N. Waring, the elder son of Dr. and Mrs. Waring of Woodthorpe Drive, Nottingham, and Miss Edna Ashworth, the elder daughter of Captain and Mrs. F. J. Ashworth of Easthorpe House, Ruddington, Notts; Dr. C. Damiano, of Wimbledon, and Miss Margherita Knill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Knill of Birmingham.

May Wrightson  
MISS ROSEMARY RUSSELL-ROBERTS

Who is to marry Mr. Charles W. Kidwell, the Cheshire Regiment, in the summer. She is the only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Russell-Roberts of Ferme de l'Ange Gardien, Villefranche-sur-Mer, France, and Mr. Kidwell is the only son of Mr. Kidwell of Newton Ferrers, Devon



Photo by Lenax.

Posed by Miss Nora Swinburne.

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## LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

A meeting of the Executive took place on December 14, Lady Kathleen Pilkington presiding. Future plans for the Association were discussed and it was resolved to put various schemes before the General Meeting in February for their consideration. It was also decided to have the annual General Meeting at 6.30 on the first day of Cruft's, as it is more convenient for members than the morning of the second day. Any member who has any suggestions to make is invited to send them to Mrs. Trelawny to place on the agenda. In the difficult days in which we live all members must rally to the support of their Association, the largest and most representative body of women exhibitors in Great Britain. Women constitute by far

the largest proportion of exhibitors, and as they are unrepresented on the Kennel Club, our Association is the only way of making themselves felt. The election of the committee takes place early in the New Year: will any member wishing to propose a candidate for it send the name in writing to Mrs. Trelawny before January 11. The nomination must be seconded by another member.

Miss Pearson owns one of the best small kennels of smooth fox terriers now before the public. The two stars are Champion Rikki Tikki Tair and Champion Kipyard Taffy. Rikki is home bred and Taffy is his son, and they are a family party to be proud of. The picture is of Kipyard Christopher; his mother is sister to



HILLARY TRUSTY

The property of Miss C. Joan Horsfall



BARKSTON POBETTE

The property of Mrs. Townsend Green

are with the beloved. Miss Horsfall is a case in point; she keeps her small kennel of Dandies in London, and it would be impossible to meet healthier, happier dogs. Moreover, they do not lose their sporting instincts; those of the Hillarys who have gone to country homes have proved they still retain their game. The picture is of Hillary Trusty. Trusty has won many prizes and is a first-class ratter into the bargain. All Miss Horsfall's brood bitches are first prize winners, and they are all home-bred, except one, a record to be proud of.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nut-hooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



KIPYARD CHRISTOPHER

The property of Miss Pearson

Rikki. Christopher is well known on the show bench and is particularly good as a sire. Miss Pearson always has puppies at companion prices for sale and has two families now, fourteen weeks old. She has sent many puppies out as companions, and they always give satisfaction. The kennel is a small one, so each pup gets individual attention, which makes such a difference.

Another famous kennel is represented this week in one of Mrs. Townsend Green's French bulldogs. Mrs. Townsend Green has been a supporter of this breed for many years and numerous are the well-known winners she has brought out. The picture is of Barkston Pobette. Pobette is very small, weighing under 20 lb., and is thirteen months old but, as can be seen, she has none of the attributes of the toy dog and is a compact, sturdy little dog with good bone. Mrs. Townsend Green has Pobette's litter sister for sale as a companion—she is also very small. The party are home-bred. There is something specially attractive about French bulldogs; they are so human and companionable and small ones are rare.

Those who understand dogs and are in sympathy with them can keep them perfectly happy and contented under conditions which are not naturally theirs. Dogs like to be with the "one who counts" and do not really mind where they are as long as they

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PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND.

# AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

Aerodromes for All.

**N**OW, while "winter has all our vales oppress'd," is the time to agitate, to discuss, to consider, to ask for, to press for, to demand more aerodromes; so that, when the longer days return, we shall have more places to fly to, more airports of call. The position is not too bad at present. The Aviation Department of Selfridges, always ready with a new idea, sent out at Christmas a list of aerodromes in the British Isles instead of the usual halfpenny hotch-pot of ruddy rubrics. In that list I found 106 aerodromes and landing-grounds. The places they serve, the distance from that place, and the kind of service available are all given.

The list is encouraging and shows that, at last, municipalities are beginning to realize that aerodromes are as necessary to their welfare as are roads, and suggests that in a few years they will be more necessary. The list shows four aerodromes in the British Isles where Customs' facilities are to be had: at Croydon, Heston, Lympe, and Barton (Manchester). I searched in vain, however, for those little landing grounds which are known to many as suitable summer meeting places but which cannot be said to have attained to any official status. Probably it was right not to include these, for they are mostly private property and may not, therefore, be used indiscriminately. But one of them should have been there, and that is the Fountain Hotel's aerodrome at Loughton.

## Air Inns.

**T**he Fountain Hotel is kept by Lieutenant Harrison, a retired naval man who is interested in flying. He established the aerodrome four or five months ago, and since then more than seventy aeroplanes have made use of it. On one occasion fourteen aeroplanes were on the landing ground together. The aerodrome is more than the ordinary odds-and-ends landing field. It has a concrete circle fifteen yards in diameter with the name "Loughton" written in the centre in 4 ft. letters. The name of the hotel is written down one side of the field in 4 ft. letters, and there are two wind sleeves flown from 30 ft. masts.

The hotel itself is about a mile from the aerodrome, and for that reason Mr. Harrison established the rule, which he communicated to all the flying clubs some time ago, that those who wish to land on the aerodrome must first circle round the hotel three times. They will then be met by a car. The whole scheme is so good and is so well worked out that it is to be hoped that private flyers will patronize the place, and so encourage other hotel keepers to follow Mr. Harrison's example.

There is plenty of room for hundreds of "Air Inns" in this country. There are many interesting hotels with grounds where landing grounds could be established at little cost, and the result would be not only to attract English visitors, but also tourists.

## The Cooking.

**A**nd the air inns have a great opportunity before them in that they could wipe out for ever that great slur on our mode of living in this country, the cooking.

Abolish the raw, moist slab of reinforced cold meat, the grease-coated potatoes, the cabbage from which every atom of taste has been extracted! Abolish that frightful dish, the tinned peach swimming in a sea of syrup; abolish the dirty plate and the sloppy waitress; abolish, in short, all those famous features of English country life which every motorist has come to know and to fear. The air inn can do more than introduce a new idea: it can re-establish the best traditions of English cooking, and it has already set about that re-establishment.

## Liberalization.

**T**he inferiority of so much English cooking at present is partly due to the complete lack of freedom which this country now enjoys—or rather fails to enjoy. The idea that you may not do a thing after a certain hour has been so developed that it has been passed on into ordinary life, and gives the cue to the kind of inn which says, when you arrive tired and hungry a little after ten o'clock, that you have come too late for dinner and that all you can have is some cold meat and . . . Ah! you know the dish? So does everyone who has motored. Let the same thing never be said or be truly sayable by those who fly.

More freedom and less control would help in almost every walk of life, and flying is no exception. Mr. Clarence M. Young, the assistant secretary of aeronautics in the Aeronautics Branch of the Department of Commerce at Washington, has taken a bold step towards the "liberalization of flying," as he calls it, in a country whose flying is already much freer than ours. Under the old American requirements for gaining pilots' licences 5,000 people have been disqualified since 1928.

But Mr. Young has decided that modern machines are sufficiently safe to allow more people to fly, and to relax the regulations a little. The result is that the potential markets for aircraft in America are shortly to be doubled, if not multiplied by three, simply by giving an increase of freedom. Over here the tendency, as I have pointed out more than once, is in the opposite direction. Soon we must choose between absolutely safe flying for a handful of people, and rather less safe (but still not dangerous) flying for the whole country.

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